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ORDER 100 ADDITIONAL MEN FOR EXAMINATION

Centre County Exemption Board Calls New Draft Group.

IS EMERGENCY MOVE

Local Board Plans to be in Readiness Should Exemptions by District Board Cut Certified List to Less than Quota of 117 in County.

One hundred additional Centre Countians will be called this week for examination for service in Uncle Sam's new army. Fifty will be examined at the Court House in Bellefonte on October 17th. The remaining fifty will be examined on October 19th.

It is barely possible that the number certified to the District Board to make Centre County's quota of 117 will be short four or five men when all exemption claims now pending are disposed of. To guard against such a contingency, the local Exemption Board decided to call one hundred additional men for examination and in this way be prepared for present or future emergencies. None of the one hundred to be called will be certified for service until the entire group examined thus far has been exhausted.

Advices from Harrisburg are to the effect that Secretary of War Baker is of the belief that additional men will likely be called from the several States from time to time as the training camps are placed in readiness and that the final number taken into the service will be greatly in excess of the original quota of each State. No orders to this effect have been received, however, by the local Exemption Board. Sheriff Yarnell is authority for the statement that the call for the additional men to report for examination is for no other purpose than to fill possible vacancies in the quota of 117. The one hundred men to be called for examination on October 17th and 19th follow:—

To be examined on October 17th:—

John Retarick, Moshannon
William H. Oister, Aaronsburg
Edward Ray Bartley, Nittany
Clyde Albert Campbell, State College
Arthur James Heaton, Howard
Horace Beaver Stoner, Aaronsburg
Mahlon E. Meese, Philipsburg
Clayton Bloomer Stover, Spring Mills
Peter Leroy Dutrow, Centre Hall
Fred M. Hull, Bellefonte
Odie Clair Spicer, State College
Russell Leslie King, Bellefonte
James Beaver Moore, South Philipsburg
John W. Neese, Bellefonte
Irvin Clayton Korman, State College
George Robert Breon, Bellefonte
Frank Dorin Godshall, Bellefonte
Charles Malcolm Emerick, Nittany
Lloyd Ellery Snyder, Bellefonte
William Thomas Watson, Milesburg
Ralph Wise Stover, State College
Harry I. Greenwalt, Osceola Mills
John Reuben Stover, Boalsburg
William Rashdorf, Snow Shoe
Seth Bell, Philipsburg
Harry Boyer Mensch, Millheim
W. Takystaw, Osceola Mills, R. D. 2
Ralph Irvin Gilliland, Philipsburg
Claire W. Butler, Howard
Edward Grant Emil, Bellefonte
Stewart Mervin Breon, Millheim
Francis Mervin, Coburn
Mike Handogie, Philipsburg
Guy Willis Korman, State College
Fred Perry Rockey, Milesburg
Henry F. McKinley, Milesburg
Joseph C. Shoemaker, State College
Edward Zerby, Centre Hall, R. D. 1
Herbert Hudson Test, Philipsburg
Clyde E. Hockman, Zion
Clement Hudock, Clarence
Chester Earle Homan, State College
Thomas Frank Bannon, South Philipsburg
Raymond Lucas, Howard
Paul Miller Gentzel, Bellefonte
Andy Petrof, Philipsburg
Charles Clayton Bryan, Coburn
Philip John Bailey, Millheim
Carl Reed Bierley, Reynoldsville
Paul Adam Vonada, Zion

To be examined October 19th:—

David Solomon, Philipsburg
Charles Hubert Haugh, Benore
John Henry Chesman, Clarence
Willis Willard Emenhizer, Bellefonte
Walter Clark Parsons, State College
Plemuel Truman Rupert, Beech Creek
Harry Edward Kellerman, Bellefonte
Harry Philip Winslow, Julian
Ira R. Hough, Wolfe's Store
John Horner, Linden Hall
Charles B. Lee, Bellefonte
John J. Sapula, Clarence
Milton E. Baney, Bellefonte
James Andrew Hoover, Julian
Thomas Hickron, Philipsburg
Charles Everet Probst, State College
William Thomas Bailey, Stormstown
Paul Fearon Wagner, Bellefonte
Alexader Burton Graham, Sandy Ridge
Claude Michael Segner, Boalsburg
Earl Lindsay Moffitt, State College
Diado Palumbo, Orviston
Isaac J. Hughes, Philipsburg
Harry B. Walk, Philipsburg
Leon William Kerstetter, State College
Raymond Hoover, Pine Glenn
Edward Upkydike, Powelton
Frank Fetterhoff, Centre Hall
Cameron Burnside Holter, Howard
Ernest Williamson, South Philipsburg
Chandler Merrill Walk, Port Matilda
John Levi Stoner, Aaronsburg
John Jacobs, Clarence
Robert Franklin Allison, Nittany
Fred Nelson Lutz, Bellefonte, R D
Steven Joseph Chismar, Clarence
Robert Lannon, Fleming
Charles E. Sunday, State College, R D
Lewis Edward Biddle, Fleming
George Roy Marks, Port Matilda
Raymond Miles Fetzer, Milesburg
Earl Goss Emenhizer, Runville
John Earl Harvey, Milesburg
Paul James Smith, State College
George Boal Gordon, State College
Reuben G. Heverly, Howard
Charles Allen Russell, State College
Charles William Martin, State College
Patterson Isaiah Holt, Milesburg

Getting Along Nicely.

Last Thursday afternoon about 2 o'clock Leonard Rhodes, son of contractor George Rhodes, of Coleville, came within an ace of losing his life. He was assisting in putting up the first iron truss on the new garage of Kelley & Wion on the corner of Allegheny and Bishop streets. It was being put up on the extreme end of the south side of the building. The truss was about ready to be fastened when one of the guy ropes broke and it fell and buckled in the centre. Rhodes, who was on a ladder at the west side of the building, was knocked off and fell twelve or more feet to a concrete wall and from there into the basement, a distance of twelve additional feet. The break in the fall evidently saved his life. He was picked up and quickly taken to the hospital where it was found he had been badly bruised but no bones broken. He is getting along very nicely.

Frank Compania, another workman on the building, was working on the east side of the structure where several brick layers were putting up a chimney and the jar from the falling truss knocked several bricks from the chimney which fell on him, throwing him into the basement. He was more scared than hurt. The accident will delay the completion of the building about two weeks. The structural iron at the south end of the garage was so badly bent that it became necessary to be taken down and straightened.

Anthony Broscaine Killed.

Anthony Broscaine, an Italian, employed at the Chemical Lime industry on Buffalo Run, came to his death very suddenly Monday morning about 8 o'clock. He was a contractor loading stone in the quarries and was on his way from the quarries to the lime kilns with several car loads of stone when a couple of the cars jumped the track and threw the unfortunate man in front of the following car. He was badly cut around the head and received internal injuries. He was born in Italy and was 49 years of age on June 16. Deceased is survived by a wife and ten children. All are under 16 years of age and will come under the compensation act. He also leaves a brother and sister and his mother who is living in Italy. He was a very industrious man and was well and favorably known by a number of persons in Bellefonte, especially the merchants with whom he dealt. He belonged to the Catholic church and was very attentive at its services. The funeral was held Wednesday morning. Interment was made in the Catholic cemetery.

Harry Janette Injured.

Last Thursday afternoon Harry Janette, the Milesburg butcher, went to the ridges to purchase meat for his meat market. He was returning in the afternoon about 5 o'clock with four quarters of beef on his automobile and while passing over the Pennsylvania railroad crossing in the vicinity of the Milesburg Brick Works was struck by a freight train going east. The machine was just about over the tracks when the rear end was completely smashed and the beef thrown promiscuously around. Mr. Janette being on the seat of the truck was thrown some distance from the track and escaped with several cuts and bruises on the head and shoulders. He was taken to his home and the next day was at his business as usual. It was certainly a lucky escape from a horrible and probably instant death. The rear of the automobile was completely demolished.

TRI-COUNTY CONVENTION ENTHUSES CLUB WOMEN

Prominent Visitors Describe Work in National Field.

WAR INCREASES DUTIES

Greater Requirements Resulting from Active Participation by United States in World-wide Struggle for Democracy.

The Woman's Club of Bellefonte was hostess to the Third Annual Tri-County Conference, which met in the High School Building on Saturday, October 6th. Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell, General Chairman, and Mrs. John S. Walker, President, the presiding officers, conducted the program in a most gracious and efficient manner. There were no delays, and the various representatives being ready with their reports, no time was wasted.

After the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, Dr. Ambrose Schmidt gave the invocation, which was followed by the reports of the delegates.

It is not often that a small community is fortunate enough to secure as much talent at one time as was displayed on the platform in this Conference. The credit of this privilege is due to Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Walker, who are in close touch with Club activities.

It is a source of regret that this article is limited to only a synopsis of the splendid reports brought by the Tri-County delegates. The lines of work vary and reach out to the uplift of humanity. Play grounds, war gardens and flower gardens are provided. Mrs. Robert Lawrence, President of Lock Haven's Civic Club, reported the growth of a pumpkin that weighed 134lbs., the pride of the producer's heart. She was asked if it made good pies and if the seed had been saved. Rest rooms are furnished for the weary visitor to town. The delegates reported further upon the work of education, art, suffrage, magazine and book, Red Cross, needle work guilds, clean towns, Junior Civic League, Red Cross Christmas Seals, Y. W. C. A. Work and War Library contributions. All received full quota of success and serve as incentives to other organizations and activities.

The first of the prominent speakers was Miss Helen Barnes, National Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of New York City. Her subject was "War Emergency Work for Girls". Miss Barnes was in Germany when war was declared—later went to London and then to Australasia. In relating some of her sad experiences, she stirred the hearts of her listeners to sympathy and to decisions of practical assistance She enlarged upon the activities of Australasia, saying that every possible kind of plan and work of older worlds is in embryo in this isiland country. Girls from homes of wealth have signed up for definite work during the war period. No one lives for himself or herself there. Miss Barnes said that when she landed on her own shore, she was shocked at the indifference of the American people in comparison with those she had left. Her strong plea is for the safety of morality of girls, to keep them from dangers and sorrows; saying that all danger is not found in the trenches. It is woman's duty to save the manhood and girlhood of to-day. Army officials are appealing to national organizations for assistance to protect the soldiers and to keep the women away.

No places are provided for the visiting mothers and friends of the soldiers—one aim of the Y. W. C. A., is the providing the same. The organization is asking for three and one-half millions to carry on this work. If war continues they will issue a call for another and another, for as soldierhood grows, perlious needs of girlhood will increase. She urged a sacrificial campaign to raise funds, and discouraged any inclination towards reducing contributions to foreign missionaries, to Red Cross or to any of the much needed organizations to save life and purity. The organization of The Patriotic League for Girls, has as its motive to do all things possible to keep soldiers pure—to inspire us to feel the needs of girls and to enlist for the greatest kind of patriotic work. Miss Barnes earnestly urged the country to give, give, give and then give.

The second speaker is not a stranger in our midst, for he is Dr. Arthur Holmes, Dean of the General Faculty of the Pennsylvania State College. Dr. Holmes' address on "Education in the Present Crisis" was a masterpiece from a psychological standpoint, as well as from any other. It was such an address as business men, parents, educators, young men and women should have heard, because of the tragic conditions under which we are living today. Dr. Holmes said that all who suggested short terms, short courses etc. in school life, and those who were taking their boys out of school were "Sappers"—sapping the foundations of education. The hardest activity in the world is to be educated—the truth of which statement is shown in the fact that we stop self-development, after we receive our diplomas. We need education. Dr. Holmes said that five and one-half millions of people who are assisting in making our laws cannot read or write—and they are making the laws for the educated. Dr. Holmes believes in an education of the people, by the people, for the people, and that he is willing to live in a counry of the people's government; if not willing, he would get out of it. Dr. Holmes referred to President Wilson as the man who, when he retires, will leave a record of respect that will be historical. Dr. Holmes showed how education wins big salaries. He drew a word picture of the wealth of the natural resources of Pennsylvania which, considered with the wealth of the education of boys and girls, cannot be compared. In citing illustrations, he mentioned that Germany owes her power to education. All that we are is due to education and all of the sacrifices of the present crisis will be worthless if there is not education to back up those who are sacrificing and supporting it.

The third of the "higher lights" is Mrs. J. Willis Martin, State Chairman of Council of National Defense, Woman's Committee. Mrs. Martin stated several times that she did not represent a new or additional organization; but a co-operative one, with all organizations. Women stand in the second line of defense and have arranged for ten different departments, she said.

1—Registration; for the purpose of finding out the individual woman power of this country, so that the right woman can be called upon for service where she is best fitted.

2—Food Production; the speaker did not enlarge upon this topic. Said that Mr. Hoover asks that every farmer will raise three pigs more than he did last year.

3—Conservation and Home Economics; in this line Mr. Hoover says that Pennsylvania leads. Mrs. Martin said that men distributed the cards; but that the women did the hard work of collecting them.

4—Women in Industry; this refers to the women who are taking the places of the men who have gone to the front. 70,000 women are needed. They and their children must be cared for and protected until the men return.

5—Child Welfare; is undeveloped at present. Laws are in progress to assist in the care of the children of the women who work in mills, etc.

6—Assisting Charities; this is a time for sacrifices. We are not to weaken any one of the great organizations, but do little or big additional things—no lagging; but to give our best. Mr. Hoover says get children to lessen the amount of sweets to conserve the sugar.

7—Education; there is nothing real definite for this subject as yet. One idea is to reach into the far rural districts that know little or nothing of the war. One suggestion is to show pictures of a country before and after the war to teach people to fight for democracy and humanity.

8—Foreign Relief Work; heading this list is the Red Cross. The National League trains in telegraphy, Volunteer Aid, etc. The Pennsylvania R. R. provides for the wives of the men who are soldiers. The Navy League looks after the sailors. The Emergency Aid has a Committee for every country for the purpose of tracing men, whose friends have not heard from them for sometime.

9—The Committee on Safety; safeguards the soldiers and girls. The Defense Committee co-operates and is missionary in spirit, working to get those to work who are not already enlisted in any activity. Their aim is to get every woman to work for present and future needs.

Mrs. Martin speaks with great earnestness and an absolute knowledge of her subject, and evidences the power within her.

Mrs. Newton Chatham, of Williamsport, gave the Convention a description of the efforts put forth to secure the Mother's Assistance Fund and of their successes, thereof in Lycoming County. Mrs. Chatham urged the Centre County delegates to put forth every effort to secure this fund Centre County's proportion of the 1917 appropriation is $1950.00. To secure this amount, the County Commissioners must appropriate a like amount. There are thirty-five Counties, which have accepted the Mother's Assistance Fund, among them the County of Clinton. Mrs. Chatham

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BRIDGE CASE APPEALED TO THE SUPREME COURT

County Commissioners Ask for Further Test with State.

FINE POINT IS INVOLVED

Question in Controversy is Whether Commonwealth or County must Maintain Bridges Forming Part of State Highway.

An appeal to the Pennsylvania Supreme Court has been taken by the Commissioners of Centre County in the College Township bridges case. The point involved in the case is whether the State or the County is liable for the maintenance of a bridge or bridges forming a part of a highway formally taken over by the Commonwealth.

Some months ago the case was argued before Judge Quigley, who finally ruled that under his conception of the law as submitted to him the liability for maintenance rested upon the County. It is this ruling that has been appealed to the Supreme Court.

The principal point involved in the case has been in controversy in many counties over the state for a number of years and for this reason the outcome in the Supreme Court will be followed with considerable interest. Should the Supreme Court rule that the State is liable for the maintenance of such bridges virtually every county in Pennsylvania will be relieved of large and continuous items of expense. The matter has never been tested in the Supreme Court. N. B. Spangler and former Judge Ellis L. Orvis represent Centre County in the appeal. Deputy Attorney General William H. Keller represents the Commonwealth. These lawyers argued the case before Judge Quigley when it was up in the lower courts.

$1 DOG TAX IN COUNTY

License Fee Doubled Under Provisions of Recent Act of Legislature.

The dog license fee in Pennsylvania on and after January 15, 1918, will be at least double that now in force and in any county where the County Commissioners so order it may be four times the present charge. In Centre county the rate has been fixed by the County Commissioners at $1 for male and $2 for female dogs. Heretofore the license fee has been 50 cents for males and $1 for females. Had they been so minded the County Commissioners could have made the license fee $2 for males and $4 for females, the new law granting them that power.

In the past dog licenses have been issued by the County Commissioners. After the present year, however, such licenses will be issued direct by the County Treasurer, thereby adding to the burdens of that officer and making no provision for compensation for the additional work. Justices of the Peace may apply to the County Treasurer and receive from him license blanks and tags and issue the same to owners of dogs. Where a Justice of the Peace issues a dog license, however, the applicant is required to pay an additional fee of fifteen cents which the former retains as a commission. Such licenses must be reported by the Justice of the Peace to the County Treasurer within twenty-four hours after the same are issued.

Where an application is made for a dog license after July 15th of any year the license fee shall be one-half the regular fee.

Tax assessors are required annually, on or before December 31st, to make a complete report to the County Commissioners setting forth the name of every owner of dogs and how many of each sex. At the time of making assessment the assessor shall notify such owners that they must obtain a license. Neglect or failure of the assessor to notify such owner shall not relieve the latter from his duty to obtain the necessary license. Where dogs are not licensed they may be killed by any police officer or constable.

Held for Court.

Harry Meese and his wife and also James Hand were given a hearing before Justice of the Peace Woodring on Tuesday charged with robbing a store at Sandy Ridge. All three were held under bail for court. Hand, when recently captured at Tyrone, made a statement in which he admitted the frobbery and implicated Meese. At Tuesday's hearing he claimed that he had been drinking at the time he made the statement and accordingly repudiated it. Mrs. Meese is charged with receiving stolen goods.

NOTES FROM CAMP

Luther Crissman, Max Gamble and Paul Haag Ill at Augusta, Georgia.

Letters received from members of Troop L and the Boal Mounted Machine Gun Troop, encamped at Augusta, Georgia, note several cases of illness among the boys but add that for the most part the Centre County troopers are well and getting along famously. Luther Crissman, Max Gamble and Paul Haag, of Troop L, have been under the weather for a few days, Crissman and Gamble being confined in the hospital. Crissman's illness is such as to give his father, W. Homer Crissman, of Bellefonte, considerable concern because of a lack of definite information. Luther has been threatened with appendicitis and likely will undergo an operation, if one has not already been performed. Home friends of the boys who are ill will wish for them speedy recovery.

Private Beezer, of Troop L, is destined to go down in history as the blue ribbon sentry for politeness. Joe's politeness is a by-word among the troopers throughout all Camp Hancock. And thereby hangs a tale. "Chubby", as he is known at home, was on guard duty the very first night Troop L was in camp at Augusta. Of course, it was brand, new experience for him, but he got along all right. A corporal from another company approached the sentry line and was met with the following from "Chubby":—

"Pardon me, but you will have to give the countersign."

The corporal was rendered almost speechless. Such politeness while on military duty was unknown to him. He approached and gave the countersign and as he was crossing the line "Chubby" remarked to him:—

"Sorry to have had to halt you, but I just had to do it."

The corporal passed on, too amazed to make any reply. The incident was related by the corporal on his return to his company headquarters. It was repeated and traveled quickly to all parts of the camp, and now all the boys know of "Chubby" Beezer, of Troop L, as the most polite soldier in Camp Hancock.

The camp is down to a war basis for pretty nearly everthing being done these days. Sentries are equipped with loaded rifles and that have bayonets attached. Furthermore, they have instruction to first stop intruders with the bayonet, if possible, and that failing to shoot. It is said that a few nights ago a sentry called on another soldier to stop when the latter attempted to cross the line. The command to halt was disregarded and the soldier was pierced through the neck with the sentry's bayonet and later died as a result of the wound.

Nominations Held Up.

The nominations of Collector W. H. Berry, Naval Officer William M. Croll, and Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz, the latter being from Bellefonte, failed of conformation before Congress adjourned because of the efforts to force the appointment of a man from Delaware to one of the places. Failing to impress President Wilson with his arguments Senator Saulsbury appealed to his colleagues to block the nominations of the Philadelphia officers. This gives him a chance to renew his efforts at the next session of Congress. Delaware was recently made part of the custom house district and Senator Saulsbury wants it recognized by this appointment.

Hollobaugh—Irvin.

Wednesday morning Fred Hollobaugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hollobaugh, of Coleville, and Miss Helen Irvin, daughter of the late Wash Irvin, of Bellefonte, went to the Methodist parsonage and were united in marriage by Dr. Ezra H. Yocum. Afterward they took the morning train for Kentucky on a wedding trip. The groom is an engineer on the Tyrone branch of the Pennsylvania railroad, although for years he had been fireman on the shifter at this place. He is a promising young man and will do his part to make a home pleasant. The bride is not only pretty but possesses the qualifications of making a most excellent helpmate. They will make their home in Tyrone.

Cole—Ardery

Mr. Nevin E. Cole and Miss Lela Ardery, both of Bellefonte, were united in marriage by Dr. A. M. Schmidt, in the presence of the immediate families of the young couple. The ceremony occured at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ardery on Reynolds Avenue, last Thursday evening, October 4th, at 6 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Cole departed on a short wedding trip to Niagara Falls, N. Y., and other points of interest. On their return they will reside in their newly furnished home on South Thomas street, and will be at home to their friends after October twentieth.

SOLDIER GIVEN UP AS DEAD

It is Probable Charles Burke Was Killed by U-Boat.

Government officials and the relatives of Charles Burke, of Yeagertown, Mifflin County, believe that the young man who enlisted in the U. S. Army four months ago, is dead. Desirous "to do his bit and save some older man with a wife and children dependent upon him." Charles at the age of 18 came to the recruiting officer in Lewistown last May 8 and enlisted in the army service and on the same day he left his home in Yeagertown to join the heavy artillery forces in Texas.

On August 3 he wrote his last letter to his mother and and other relatives, saying "tomorrow I will be on my way across the ocean to join the American troops in France. We have everything packed and in readiness to sail tomorrow. Will write soon."

It was Charles' habit to write at least once a week to his mother, brothers and sisters, but during the past eight weeks they have not had a word of news from him.

Government officers after a thorough investigation to discover the young man's whereabouts notified the anxious mother and brothers and sisters of Charles, last Thursday, that no trace of him could be found.

Mrs. Francis Albright of 11 Main street, Yeagertown, said that she and her mother have given up all hope of hearing that Charles is living and safe. Their gravest fear is that the transport on which Charles crossed the ocean was blown up by a German submarine and that the American government has not yet ascertained the names of all the victims among which is probably Charles.

State College Trains Men.

Experts in industrial engineering at the Pennsylvania State College faculty are training hundreds of young men for service in the ordnance department of the army quartermaster's corps. Two classes already have completed the course of instruction and are now on duty in government arsenals. A third group has almost finished its six-weeks' course, and many more men are ready to start their training October 26.

Penn State is one of six colleges in the country designated by the War Department to teach ordnance storekeeping. After the men have been instructed here they are enlisted as privates in the reserve corps and are given further training in handling supplies. After six weeks of instruction they are recommended for non-commissioned offices. From the arsenal the men are sent to ordnance depots for active service. The more proficient are raised to commissioned officer ranks.

The preliminary work here consists of lectures and recitations, using the army regulations as text-books. Considerable time is given to instruction in scientific management, with special stress laid on inspection methods, perpetual inventory and storekeeping. They also study French and have military drill.

Meet in Lock Haven.

The thirtieth annual reunion of the "Old Bucktails," First Rifles P. R. V. C., will be held in Lock Haven tomorrow (Friday). Headquarters will be established at the Commercial hotel.

The "Bucktails" were once the most picturesque, the best known and the most feared regiment in the Civil war. Every regiment in the Confederate service which went up against them learned that they could shoot and make their shots tell. The sight of a bucktail in the hat of a "Yank" was sufficient warning of what was coming in the way of fighting.

Today the regiment has been badly decimated by a losing engagement in which Father Time lead the opposing forces but the survivors will meet and revive old friendships and fight over the camp fire the battles of the Cival war. The present headquarters of the regiment is 1929 North Twelfth street, Philadelphia.

Downing's Enemies Become His Friends.

The Bible says return good for evil, and if thy enemy strikes you on one cheek turn to him the other. This may be sound logic but how many carry it out? When D. O. Downing, of Port Matilda, went into the First National Bank of Curwensville and shot the cashier indignation ran high and at the time had he to be carefully guarded from the vengence of an enraged people. It has since developed that those most injured by the assault of Downing when he made the attempt to rob the bank, and for which offense he was sentenced to the penitentiary at the Clearfield September term of court, 1916, have joined in his application for a pardon. It seems quite certain that Downing was laboring under a hallucination from which he was not himself when he committed the rash act.

Tenth Regiment Reunion.

The thirty-fourth annual reunion of one Hundred and Tenth regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, will be held in Tyrone on Thursday, October 18. The sessions will be held in the G. A. R. hall, on Herald street. There will be a business meeting at 10 o'clock in the morning and another at 2 in the afternoon. A camp fire will be held in the evening.

STEWART'S SUCCESSOR NAMED

Col. Frank E. Beary Who Has Been Deputy, Takes Place.

Governor Brumbaugh last Thursday announced the appointment of Colonel Frank D. Beary, of Allentown, deputy adjutant general, to succeed the late Thomas J. Stewart as adjutant general. Colonel Beary has been deputy since 1912 and was formerly an officer of the Fourth Pennsylvania infantry, in which he enlisted over twenty years ago and served through the Spanish war. He will qualify at once.

Colonel Beary enlisted as a private in company B, Fourth regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania, in 1888; was promoted to sergeant major in 1896, and to adjutant two years later; recommissioned in 1899, retaining this rank until 1908, when he was elected major of the Third battalion. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he was commissioned battalion adjutant and second lieutenant by Governor Hastings. On May 21st 1898, he was appointed regimental commissary and had charge of the provisioning of the regiment during the entire war. He was mustered out of the service, November 16th, 1898. He was the only member of the regiment that gained his commission during the Spanish war. He was appointed by Governor Pennypacker to organize Troop B at Wilkes-Barre, and established their barracks at Wyoming in 1905. Upon completion of this service he returned to civil life at Allentown. On December 25th 1911, Colonel Beary was appointed deputy adjutant general by Governor Tener.

County News.

R. B. Boob, of Aaronsburg, has sold his 65 acres of farm and timber land notheast of Millheim to J. W. Weaver, of Aaronsburg. The consideration was $1000.

The J. William Mitterling home in Centre Hall has virtually been sold to Miss Mary C. Fisher, of Penn Hall. The necessary procedure to close the deal and transfer the property has been postponed until the 1st of next month.

The Penn township school board recently elected S. A. Bierly, of Rebersburg, teacher of the Coburn school, which was made vacant by the resignation of Prof. R. U. Wasson.

E. S. Ripka, of Centre Hall, has received certification from the State P. O. S. of A. headquarters of his appointment as a district president for the eastern part of Centre county. The county has recently been divided into three districts because of the growth of the order.

The school board of Logan township, Clinton county, has engaged Earl J. Weber, of Rebersburg, as teacher of the grammar school at Tylersville to succeed Roy Weaver, who was drafted into the new National army.

Leroy Puff, who for the past year was employed as clerk in the local railroad office at Centre Hall, passed the necessary examination at Harrisburg last week to qualify as a clerk in the railroad branch of the army service. He left last Thursday for Harrisburg and from there for Columbus, Ohio, with a possibility of being sent on to Rockford, Ill., for the required training.

Comly E. Maule, of State College, has received orders to prepare to sail for France within the next two weeks. He will go as a member of the Friends Reconstruction Unit, whose duty it is to rebuild property, repair machinery, distribute seeds, and work of a like nature. Mr. Maule is a graduate of the State College High School class of 1916, and was at the time of his call enrolled as a sophomore in the school of architectural engineering at Penn State.

News reached State College last Friday that Lieutenant William R. Pentz, a State man and member of the local chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, was killed in France while driving an ammunition truck from the base of supplies to the front line trenches. Pentz enlisted in the American Ambulance Corps and was sent to France where he was serving under the French flag, and while engaged in this perilous work of truck driving was struck by a piece of shrapnel and died a few hours later in one of the base hospitals. Accompaning him was Edward Merris another State man and a member of S. A. E. fraternity acting in the capacity of mechanican, but he was not injured.

Raymond J. Bryan, a popular Tyrone division fireman and Miss Bessie M. Wyland, of Howard, Centre county, were recently united in holy bonds of wedlock. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan will make their home in Tyrone. The very best wishes of a host of friends are extended the happy young couple.

What Has Bellefonte Been Doing?

Hollidaysburg made a big fight for a new Federal building and they suceeded in landing it. It will be 72x65 feet and built of buff brick. Just across from Crider's Exchange, on Allegheny street is where the Bellefonte Federal building should stand. Bellefonte is entitled to a notable improvement just as much as Hollidaysburg, State College or any other like towns, All is needed is for some good live wire to take hold of the enterprise and push 'er over the line. Other towns are pushing forward to greater things and why should Bellefonte lag behind?

Rescuing Hettie

By HI AKERS

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

Hettie trudged back and forth from the box factory where she earned just enough to pay for the little, cold bedroom, the scanty meals and the cheap clothes, which were necessary to existence. Her hours were long and her pleasures few. Was it any wonder she went when she could to the nickel movies, and reveled in the delights of another world than hers? Even when the films did touch her own world, and the poor working girl was lured away into perilous paths, she so often was rescued by handsome young men, or kind, rich women that she "lived happily ever afterward." Hettie shrank from entering the paths of vice. The movies had done much for her in the way of warning, more perhaps than many sermons might have done. But she was only seventeen, and she wanted some of the good things, something of the joy of life. She did not want to suffer the horrors that happened to the screen heroines, but she did want to be "rescued."

If only some rich woman would adopt her. That was the dream that became her constant companion. It had happened to these other girls quite frequently, why not to her? The handsome young hero seemed such a remote possibility, that the probability of being adopted appeared to be a great deal more likely to happen. In her prayers for the latter boon Hettie had especially stipulated that the woman must be rich, for to be adopted by a poor woman, and put into the kitchen to do all the work did not seem to offer a pleasing alternative. It might prove an even worse life than that of the box factory.

Never having remembered her own parents, there entered also into her dream the longing for the kind of affection which only the mother heart can give. It is not to be supposed that

She Awoke in a Narrow, White Bed.

the handsome young man played no part in the girl's vision. No, he was always there. But she reasoned he was quite sure to appear at the proper time if she could go into the society where he was to be found. Clearly the only way out of it was to be adopted.

It had not entered Hettie's mind that some slight preparatory education in grammar, and the mode of speech required in cultured society might help some in the process of acquiring an adopted mother. She had had a rudimentary school training in the institution from which she went to the box factory, but her association with the girls of that section of the town, had not added to the elegance of her language.

Poor little Hettie! she was bright, kindly, and well-meaning, and her desires were only the normal ones of youth. Once she told a girl companion of her wish to be adopted, and was so laughed at and ridiculed, that she ever after kept her aircastles to herself. But her dream would not down. It became a kind of obsession.

Whether it was because her vision was in this misty region while her small body was in the path of rushing traffic in the great city, or whether fate took a hand, there came the awful impact of the automobile, and Hettie knew no more till she awoke in a narrow, white bed, and looked up into the faces of a doctor and nurse. She gazed about for the adopted mother, but there were only nurses moving around the place. Clearly something had happened, and the adopted mother ought to be a part of it. When she tried to move she found it very painful, and she was quite stiff with bandages. She asked for an explanation, and was told she had been struck by an automobile, but that she would be all right in a few days. She asked whose automobile it was, and the nurse answered it was Mrs. Burlson's, a very kind lady who was very sorry, and had brought her there, and told them to do everything they could, and that she would be responsible for the pay. Hettie felt sure her dream was coming true, and she asked the nurse when the lady was coming again.

"She didn't mention anything about coming again," she answered. Then seeing the girl's disappointed look, she added: "But I dare say she will."

"Of course she will," was Hettie's confident reply.

Hettie suffered a great deal of pain. But after all, she told herself she must expect that. All the girls on the screen who had acquired adopted mothers, and lived happily ever after, had suffered in some way beforehand.

The next day she was told a messenger had come from Mrs. Burlson, and did she wish to see him? Of course she did.

A young man came in carrying fruit and flowers. He could not for one minute have been taken for the handsome hero. His face was quite plain, bronzed, lean, and with the disadvantage of a turn-up nose. But his eyes were honest, his mouth kindly, and his form straight, and well knit. He came with a mixture of pity and diffidence to the forlorn little figure on the cot. He told her Mrs. Burlson wanted to know how she was, and had sent her the fruit and flowers. Rather awkwardly he told her how sorry he was. Then Hettie noticed he wore a chauffeur's dress, and guessed he was the one who ran her down. But she was too busy thinking of Mrs. Burlson to bear him any grudge, and she asked him when the lady was coming? He did not seem to know, but said he would tell Mrs. Burlson that she would like to see her.

The chauffeur came every day to see her. The second time it was to tell her that Mrs. Burlson was out of town, but that she had left word for him to inquire every day about Miss Hettie Baxter. She found out his name was Julius Frost, and was always glad to see him, because he brought some message from her probable adopted mother. Julius was at first so filled with remorse at having driven over the girl, he was more awkward than usual in expressing himself, but after a time this wore off a bit, and he cheered the patient with jolly stories, and cheering promises, of how he wanted to take her for some rides in that very car when she was able to go. All this seemed in Hettie's mind to point to the fact of a probable adoption into the family.

At last one day Mrs. Burlson came. She was a very pretty, beautifully gowned young woman, much too young to be thought of as a mother, even an adopted one, and she spoke to Hettie in a cold patronizing way that so crushed and disappointed the girl, that Julius found her in tears. He was so kindly sympathetic that he drew from her the cause. She had hoped to find some one who would want her, even take her in her home—as her own.

Then Julius found voice for the words he had wanted to speak.

"Little girl," he said, "I want you awfully. I'd take better care of you than Mrs. Burlson. It wouldn't be lots of money, but it would be a comfy little flat for you and me. And she never could love you half as much as I do."

The answer must have been quite satisfactory, for the day Hettie was able to leave the hospital on the arm of Julius, she was heard to say softly to him: "Honey, this beats getting adopted like dollars do coppers."

VESSEL IN CONSTANT PERIL

Any Moment May Be the Last of Ship That Braves the Terrors of the Arctic Seas.

"Any vessel navigating in arctic waters may at any time be crushed so suddenly that nothing below can be saved. At Etah," Robert E. Peary writes in the Century, "I have always made preparations for such an emergency, and had all the pemmican, tea, coffee, biscuits, sugar, oil, ammunition—in fact, all the essentials necessary to sustain life and health—placed on deck close to the rail, where it could easily be thrown off to the ice. In addition to this, the whaleboats, fully equipped for a week or ten days' voyage, were ready at a moment's notice to be lowered. Each boat, besides the required complement of oars, oarlocks, boathooks, a liquid compass and a bailer, contained pemmican, conveniently packed in six-pound tins; biscuits, 50 pounds; coffee, 10 pounds; compressed tea, 5 pounds; sugar, 10 pounds; condensed milk, 10 cans; oil, 5 gallons; a small oilstove, 1 rifle and 100 cartridges; 1 shotgun and 50 shells; 1 box of matches in a tightly corked bottle; 1 hatchet; knives; a can opener; needles and thread, and medical supplies consisting of quinine, astringent, bandages, cotton, gauze, boracic acid, dusting powder, catgut and liniment. And every member of the party, including the Eskimos, had a small bundle of extra clothing packed and stood ready to leave the ship immediately after throwing off the supplies and lowering the boats."

He Was On His Way.

McCrea worked in a powder factory, and usually went home to meals with his chum, O'Reilly. The latter was going alone to dinner the other day, when McCrea's wife, meeting him, asked:

"Where's himself that he's not wid you today, Mr. O'Reilly?"

"Shure an' didn't he lave the factory in a great hurry an hour ago, ma'am," answered O'Reilly.

"An' did he say where he was goin'?" she inquired.

"Not a word did he say," answered O'Reilly; "nor I don't think he knew himself—till he struck the match. Then he went off wid the roof an' half of the factory."

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Which is Better—Try an Experiment of Profit by a Bellefonte Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment.
Must be proved to be as represented.
The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit.
But the endorsement of friends is.
Now supposing you had a bad back,
A lame, weak, or aching one,
Would you experiment on it?
You will read of many so-called cures.
Endorsed by strangers from far-away places.
It's different when the endorsement comes from home.
Easy to prove local testimony.
Read this Bellefonte case.

Wm. McClellan, 244 Lamb Street., says: "I suffered for a long time from pains and lameness across my back and some mornings I could hardly get out of bed. My back ached constantly and the kidney secretions were irregular in passage. Hearing a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to try them. They cured me and I am now enjoying good health. My advice to anyone afflicted with kidney complaint is to take Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mr. McClellan. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs. Buffalo, N. Y.

State Doctors Loyal.

Nearly one-third of the total membership of the Medical Society of the state of Pennsylvania, which is 6,920, have joined the military service of the United States since the outbreak of the war and are either in service in France or are in training camps preparing for active duty in the war zone, according to a declaration made by Dr. Charles A. E. Codman, of Philadelphia, retiring president, in an address opening the sixty-seventh annual meeting of the society.

"Pennsylvania, at the present time, has given proportionately more medical men than any other state in the union," said Dr. Codman, who is a major in the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States army. "She has given many men up to this time but she will give many more men before long. The eyes of the entire world are on the American doctor and this war affords him an opportunity to prove his worth to the nation and to the world."

Repairing Evangelical Church.

The members of the Bellefonte Evangelical church are to be congratulated on the repairs now going on in their church and parsonage on Willowbank street. They have both been repainted and fixed up in fine style. By the time they get through with remodeling it will compare favorably with any other church edifice in the town. However, the bridge, over Logan Branch, just east of the church, is in such a bad condition that the repairs to the temple of worship are somewhat marred. It should be repaired before the winter sets in.

Postage Without Stamps.

All American soldiers in foreign service, are now permitted to send letters to their home country free of postage charge, the same as government postal matter. This is very kind on the part of Uncle Sam to his soldier boys abroad, and is greatly appreciated by them. Thus all letters arriving from the local soldiers in France and other foreign countries, without stamps, will be delivered to the persons to whom they are addressed.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. For burns, scalds, cuts and emergencies. All druggists sell it. 30c and 60c.

We do all kinds of job work-Give us a trial. Prices reasonable.

Death of Miss Jennie Morrison.

Friday evening Miss Jennie Morrison passed away in the Cottage hospital, Philipsburg, following an operation which took place Sunday, September 30th. She was a teacher in the public schools of Philipsburg and taught up until September 20th when her condition was such as to cause deep concern among her friends, although her death was unexpected. Miss Morrison was the daughter of John Henry and Debra Morrison, deceased, honored residents of Bellefonte, where she was born and where her early life was spent, attending the public schools of this place and completing her education at the Millersville Normal school. She began teaching at Bellefonte, later going to Snow Shoe and then to Philipsburg 32 years ago. Her work as a teacher was of the most satisfactory character. For a long time she taught the ninth grade, at that place, but for several years past has been the teacher of English and public speaking in the High School. Miss Morrison had for many years been a devoted member of the Presbyterian church, and was prominently connected with various activities. She was a cripple but possessed a brave and noble spirit that never yielded to dispair, always looking for the bright side of life. Her marked social qualities gave her a warm place in the affections of all who knew her. She is survived by two sisters and one brother who are as follows: Mrs. Martha Wren, Miss Elizabeth and Andrew Morrison, all of Williamsport. The remains were taken to the Presbyterian church and at 9 o'clock Monday morning they were viewed by a host of her friends, especially by the school children. At 10 o'clock funeral services were held conducted by her pastor, Rev. R. P. Miller. The funeral cortege then proceeded to Bellefonte where interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Aged Woman Dies.

Mrs. Sarah Howard, aged 89, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. A. Hinton, of Altoona, at 2.45 o'clock last Friday morning. She had been ill but a short time, being stricken with paralysis. She was born at Milesburg, Pa., February 28, 1828, and with her parents was an early settler in what is now Centre county. Her husband, John W. Howard, died eight years ago. Four months ago Mrs. Howard went to Altoona from her home at Moshannon, Pa., taking up her residence with her daughter. Since early girlhood she had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Surviving are the following children: Mrs. G. A. Ritter, of Harrisburg; Mrs. C. C. Walker, Jersey Shore; John T. Howard, of Huston, Pa.; Fred A., of Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. S. A. Hinton, of Altoona. One brother, Thomas, of Milesburg, Pa., survives, as well as one sister, Mrs. Susan T. Taylor, of Washington, D. C. Private funeral services were held at the late home at 8 o'clock Saturday evening and the body was taken to Jersey Shore Sunday morning, where interment was made.

Feel languid, weak run down? Headache? Stomach "off?" A good remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your druggist. Price $1.00

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
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On all Guaranteed Make Tires
Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.
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206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

HIS FIRST DEPOSIT.

Makes a young man feel like a different fellow He commences to feel that he has something. He has. A deposit in the Bellefonte Trust Co. means the beginning of a fund which may lead to fortune and certainly to old age comfort and independence.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

The Auction Sale

A Purchase That Proved a Prize Package

By ETHEL HOLMES

The scene was not a new one to city people, but to a person from the country it was not only interesting, but amusing. At least so thought Sam Walton as he stood among the crowd in the office of the express company, for they were holding an auction sale of unclaimed packages. It was a case of buying "sight unseen," and there were much laughter and good natured ridicule over the worthless purchases that fell to the lot of some bidder who had calculated that bulk must necessarily increase the value of the hidden contents.

There were large packages that when opened proved to contain nothing save printed handbills of some long past entertainment or bargain sale. Others had samples of patent medicine within, and in one case an eager purchaser had paid $2 for a tiny box wrapped in white paper that contained liver pills. There were bundles of old clothing, packages of newspapers, boxes of cutlery, cases of samples of everything under the sun. Occasionally there was a real bargain, as in the case of the man who paid 15 cents for a battered and tightly locked suit case which proved to contain a brand new suit of clothes worth a hundred times the price he had paid for it. Another individual paid a dollar for a ragged bundle that contained dozens of pure linen handkerchiefs, and still another found himself the possessor of a five pound box of chocolates for the price of 25 cents.

Shouts of laughter followed the pulling out of a box of a very dainty pair of woman's bed slippers by a young man.

Sam Walton paused in the doorway and watched the fun going on within. Every time a package was opened by its eager purchaser there was a burst of laughter from the good natured crowd. Sam fingered the few silver coins in his pocket and turned to go away. Some fortunate individual had become the possessor of a fine shotgun as the result of a fifty cent bid on a narrow burlap wrapped bundle. It might be that an investment of his money would double it. It was a gamble.

"What am I offered for this perfectly good traveling bag?" sang the auctioneer as he swung above the crowd a rather shabby Russia leather bag. "It is tightly locked and from its weight must contain valuables of some kind. You can see from the labels that this bag has traveled abroad, and—25 cents? That's a joke, of course. I am offered 25 cents. Who will make it 35? Very good, sir," and so on.

Sam stood palpitating, his hand on the two lone dollars in his pocket. He was strongly tempted to enter the competition for the bag. It was a handsome one and showed signs of much travel.

"One fifty!" sang the auctioneer.

"One seventy-five," bid Sam Walton hastily, and to his surprise it was knocked down to him at that price.

To the great disappointment of his companions in the crowd he did not attempt to open his purchase. He paid the price and then made his way into the street and turned uptown toward his place. As he strode on, swinging the bag easily, he gave little thought to its contents. His mind had returned to the one topic that

[illegible] as Leona Denman.

[illegible] three years before the opening of this story Sam's father had received a letter from an old college chum, saying that he had lost his wife in a recent railroad accident and he himself had been fatally injured. He realized that he could not live many months longer.

His terrible anxiety was the fate of his little girl. He and his wife were without relatives, but the letter went on to say: "Walton, you know how I feel toward you. I believe you to be absolutely trustworthy and as splendid a friend as ever man was blessed with. Now, I will ask of you a great favor. Will you take my little girl into your home and be a father to her? She has ample means, and in my will I am constituting you her sole guardian."

And so six months later Leona Denman became a member of the Walton household, where she soon won her way into the hearts of all by her winning ways. But to Sam Walton's heart she did the most damage of all, for he fell violently in love with her, the "little girl" of the letter turning out to be a winsome young girl of nineteen.

She was very young in her way, and Sam, who was ten years her senior, had felt himself too old to allow a girl of her years to pledge herself to him. Living in the same house, it was impossible for him to keep from paying her many attentions, and he became much more lover-like in look and actions than he himself realized.

Leona, girl-like, had noticed it all and was very much in love with this rather shy, reticent man who was so honorably keeping his love for her in obeisance.

Many times she hoped he would break down the barrier and speak out, but she could only wait patiently and by refusing the attentions of other young men show to him that they had no attraction for her.

He became entirely engrossed with his thoughts of the young girl and his home.

The lights of Broadway faded away, and he saw the cool, dim length of a village street. He opened a white gate in a white painted fence and went up the path between prim rows of sweet scented boxwood. There would be a light in the dining room, and he could see his father's pale, sad, intellectual face, his mother's gentle countenance with tear dimmed eyes, and opposite the empty chair (that was his) Leona Denman would be sitting, pale and beautiful.

They would look at his empty chair and in their hearts blame him for bringing disgrace upon them. His father was Leona Denman's guardian, and when one night a few weeks previous there had occurred a robbery of some of Leona Denman's securities some people had said that Sam Walton had stolen and sold them and spent the money on himself. They even described the details of the robbery, which were interesting to poor Sam, as he had been quite innocent of the whole matter.

Unfortunately two circumstances of the past year gave some substance to the theory that Sam Walton must be the thief. During the past year he had been spending money very freely on a new business which he was starting most successfully, and the jealous ones of the town were very ready to nod their heads and say, "It is easy to see now where the money came from."

To make matters still more suspicious, he had been putting a younger brother through college, and many had been the surmises as to where he got the money.

He had completed the circumstantial evidence against himself by going away suddenly. He was proud, too, and he had thrust aside Leona's soft hand and had lashed himself with the belief that his parents and the girl he loved also thought him to be a thief. There was only one other on whom suspicion might rest, and that was Jeremiah Lakely, the elder Walton's confidential clerk in the country banking house. But Jeremiah had proved an alibi and was so open and frank about the whole matter and told with such reluctance of the evidence against his employer's son that Sam in a frenzy of anger had rushed away.

He had been in New York three weeks and not even glanced at a newspaper. He dreaded to see his own name in startling letters across the front page. Most of his time had been spent in a search for work, and he had not yet found it. He had secured board at a quiet uptown hotel and paid for it in advance. His last week would be up the next day, and he knew not where to go. He now had a lonely silver quarter dollar in his pockets—and the leather bag, his prize package.

In his room at the hotel he tossed the bag on the bed and gave himself over to thoughts of what must have happened at home in Ferndale. What of his father, his mother, of Leona? Did they really believe that he was guilty of such a low down trick as stealing, and from the girl he hoped to marry?

After awhile Sam pulled the leather bag toward him and deftly unfastened it with a trick of his penknife. He opened the bag and stared at the contents.

There in the bottom, fastened together with a rubber band, were the missing securities for which he was now under suspicion of having stolen from his father's safe.

A half hour later Sam grasped his hat and went down to the nearest newsstand to buy copies of the evening newspapers.

He scanned them eagerly and found no reference to the affair of the stolen securities. Very likely it was an old story and had been replaced by some newer scandal. It did not occur to him that it had never reached the newspapers.

He must go back to Ferndale, and his money was spent. There remained his gold watch. That he pawned and took the first train for home. As the miles whirled backward under the wheels of the train his heart grew heavier. He was glad that it was midnight when he arrived at the village. It was the last train.

He crept down the familiar road from the station, and his heart beat faster as he neared his father's house. As he expected, everything was dark, but he pushed open the gate and strode up the path unashamed, for he knew he was innocent, and now he had ground pride under foot. He must make them believe that he was innocent.

As he reached the front door a light appeared in the front hall. He could see it shining through the fanlight over the door. Somebody was coming.

The door opened, and his mother stood there, tall and straight in her white gown. Behind her was Leona Denham in a loose wrapper. Coming down the stairs was his father.

"We heard your step, Sammy," half sobbed his mother as he took her in his arms.

"Then—you—wanted me to come back?" he stammered as Leona seized one hand and his father the other.

"Yes. We could not understand why you went. The matter had not been thoroughly investigated. Your father suspected Jeremiah, and finally Jeremiah confessed that he had placed the securities in a bag and expressed them to the city to a fictitious name and address. We shall endeavor to recover them, and the case against Jeremiah will be dropped if they are recovered. Leona wants it that way."

As she spoke Mrs. Walton was leading the way to the sitting room, and as they reached it Sam Walton placed the bag, which had proved to be a prize package indeed, on the table and bade them open it.

And as the old people looked and exclaimed and wondered he took Leona into his arms and kissed her.

WHY IS A CAT'S TAIL?

Does It Serve a Useful Purpose, or Is It Merely Ornamental?

The question having arisen, "Why does the cat have a tail?" the scientists seem willing to answer it with another question. "How would the cat look without a tail?" No one can gainsay the fact that the tail is a valuable ornament. The cat without one is a sorry sight. But there are those who maintain that the tail serves the cat as a sort of gyroscope, balancing the body in leaping, says the Popular Science Monthly.

This cannot be wholly true, for Manx cats get along very well without tails, and rabbits have no use for them at all. Yet both the Manx cats and rabbits do a lot of leaping. After all, it looks as if the tail is only an ornament unless it is a kind of safety valve for expression in exciting times.

Of course there are instances where the tail serves some purpose other than that of art. The monkey finds his useful as a sort of fifth leg; the horse uses his as a fly swatter, as does the lion; the crocodile uses his for swimming, as do the seal and the turtle and other aquatic creatures, and the rattlesnake uses his for warning enemies.

According to W. D. Matthews of the American Museum of Natural History, the tail was a necessary organ for the aquatic and amphibious ancestors from which the higher animals are descended. When they took to terrestrial life and to walking on all fours the tail became more or less superfluous.

DON'T NEGLECT A FEVER.

Keep a Clinical Thermometer In the Home and Use It.

Every home should have a thermometer in the household medicine closet. No family, especially where there are children, should be without a thermometer. The thermometer gives the correct temperature of the body whenever it is necessary to find out what it may be.

The beginning of an illness is shown by the thermometer. When one is well the normal temperature is 98.6 degrees. Any rise in the temperature, especially if it reaches 100 or 101 degrees, shows there is fever, and a physician should be called in to treat the condition and find out the cause of the fever.

Children and adults having a temperature of over 100 degrees should remain indoors and in bed. It is always dangerous to go about the house or out of the house when there is any elevation of the body temperature.

When one suffers from a cold there may be a temperature of 101 or even 102, and if one goes about the house or out of doors it is no uncommon thing for him later on to find himself in bed suffering from bronchitis or pneumonia, and death frequently results, and all from neglecting to remain indoors when having a bad cold.

Buy a clinical thermometer and use it. It may save you from severe illness by showing you that you require the services of a physician.—Philadelphia Record.

Origin of a Postal Custom.

The steamship Oregon was lost off Fire island on March 14, 1886. She was rammed by a coastwise schooner, remaining afloat for half an hour, a time which made it possible to save every person aboard. When her mail was fished up and delivered the pieces were stamped with a statement that they had been in the wreck, the first instance of a practice which is now employed by direction of the international postal union. The credit for this simple device is believed to be due to Edward M. Morgan, at that time in a subordinate position in the New York postoffice, who foresaw that a few minutes' work with a rubber stamp would forestall an infinitude of complaint.—New York Sun.

Desperate.

Mr. Smith (making a purchase for Mrs. Smith, who has instructed him to get her a pair of three and a half shoes)—Let me see a pair of ladies' 5's, wide.

Shopman (who knows the Smiths)—Why, Mr. Smith, your wife always orders 3½!

Mr. Smith—My man, I am not going to suffer the tortures of the infernal regions every morning watching that woman trying to get a bushel of feet into a peck of shoes. I am going to take her a pair that will fit her.—London Answers.

Badly Expressed.

Mrs. Key was visiting some friends and left the following card to her next door neighbor: "Dear Mrs. Garrison—Would you please put out a little food for the cat I have been feeding all season? It will eat almost anything. But do not put yourself out."—Dallas News.

Some Hope Left.

"Henry, the flour is all out."

"So is my money."

"The potatoes are all gone."

"So is my credit."

"Well, we can't starve!"

"Can't we? That's good! I was afraid we might."—Boston Transcript.

Blessings.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappointments, but let him have patience and he will see them in their proper figure.—Addison.

Used Proper Feed.

Humane Officer—I trust that you feed your horses with punctuality. Driver—No, sir; with hay and oats.—Boston Transcript.

That which starts upon stilts often ends upon crutches. Italian Proverb.

The House on the Wharf

How a Mischievous Lad Made an Important Discovery

By ROLLIN HUME

A bar had formed off Warble's wharf, so that a whaler could not lie at it or anywhere near it. But this was not a matter of any special consequence, for more than thirty years had passed since a whaler and that wharf had had anything to do with each other.

It was a wharf in ruins, and almost as badly dilapidated was the oil house that stood on the end of it, with great doors that opened out over the water. But these doors were never opened now, nor was the little sliding door that shut down fairly into the water and when it was raised opened a channel into which a boat could be floated. Both of these doors were fastened on the inside, and the door that opened on the wharf was fastened with a padlock as big as a small cabbage and as rusty as if it had been towed astern of the Harmony Home during a whole cruise.

The Harmony Home was the whaler that used to discharge her cargo into the oil house. She had been owned and sailed by Captain Tranquil Warble, and for a long while she and her commander had the reputation of being the luckiest ship and the luckiest captain afloat.

Captain Warble was coining money, the Greyshells people said—Greyshells was the name of the little port—and was getting richer and richer every year. Moreover, he was hoarding his money in coin.

"No banks for me," said Captain Warble, "an' no reel estate, nuther. I tried banks in 1837, an' whar was I after they all broke, I'd like t' know? An' I tried reel estate in 1850, an' after th' man I'd bought it frum got clean off to Californy another man come along an' proved a mortgage on it, an' where was I then? No, no! Hard dollars hid about in a place that nobody but me knows about—thet's my style!"

This was all very well as long as good luck attended the Harmony Home's cruisings, but when the news came down from the northern seas that the Harmony Home had been nipped in the ice and had gone to the bottom with every soul on board of her the captain's financial methods did not make quite so satisfactory a showing, for the captain's widow had not the least notion in the world where the fortune in hard dollars that now was hers was to be found. She looked in all the likely places for it and in all the unlikely places she could think of—and she thought of a good many—but not a trace of it did she find. At

ALMOST CERTAIN HE COULD MAKE OUT A LITTLE BRASS CANNON.

last, while she still was looking for it, she died. Then her daughter, Miss Ruth Warble, who was then a young girl and very energetic, though that seemed hard to believe now, began the search. And Miss Ruth spent all of her youth and most of her energy in searching, and here she is now, forty years old and looking fifty, with her fortune as safely hidden as ever and herself as poor as anybody could be outside the town farm.

For Theodore Rodford—widely and I am pained to add, somewhat unfavorably known as "that Teddy Rodford"—the old oil house down on Warble's wharf had a wonderful attraction. He had peeped through the chinks in the boards time and again and what he had seen inside had made him wildly eager to explore it thoroughly, for strewn about the floor were old harpoons and piles of delightful ropes and big and little blocks and oars. He was almost certain that he could make out among the shadows under the stairway leading to the sail loft that was over the storehouse a little brass cannon partly covered with a bit of old sail.

Thinking of that cannon and of what he could do with it if he only could get hold of it sometimes kept him awake all night. He even had tried on several occasions to make friends with Miss Ruth, to the end that he might gain permission to investigate this delectable place. Once, when he discovered the Barkums' pigs in Miss Ruth's garden and drove them out before any great harm had been done, he almost had succeeded.

To Miss Ruth in her poverty the loss of her garden stuff would have been a very serious matter. She was truly grateful to Teddy for saving it and told him so with some warmth.

Being thus encouraged, he was emboldened to ask her if she wouldn't some time or another let him take a look around in her oil house. And Miss Ruth, still mellowed by her gratitude, said almost kindly that maybe some time or other she would.

* * * * * * *

Nye's wharf down on the point was where the boys usually went in swimming. Warble's wharf was nearer, but because of the bar the swimming was not very good there, even at high water. But it happened one hot June day that Teddy felt too lazy to walk all the way down to the point, so he thought he would just step down to Warble's wharf and get cooled off a little.

Although it was low water and the bar was bare, there was a cool looking pool just in front of and shaded by the old oil house, and into this pool he settled down very comfortably. While he was sitting on the sandy bottom in this pleasant place, with only his head out of water, he made a very exciting and delightful discovery.

It was dead low tide, and the stone foundation wall of the oil house was bare clear down to the tops of the piles on which it rested. The sliding door was out of water entirely. To his joy Teddy perceived that so large a part of one corner of this door had been knocked away, probably by a bang from the nose of some badly steered boat in a long past time, that a boy twice as big as he was could wriggle through the hole!

He gave a look up and down the river to see if anybody in a boat was in sight, and then, having assured himself that the coast was clear, he slipped out of the water and across the bit of bare sand and through the hole.

He found himself in something like a little open dock in the floor of the oil house, evidently a place where in former times a boat had been kept. Steps black, rotten with age, led to the level of the floor. Up these slippery steps Teddy went gingerly. His first object of investigation was the shadowy place under the stairway. He found that he had been right. It was a cannon, a little six pounder, such as whalers used to carry to fire signals with, and it was a regular little beauty.

He did not stop to examine the other interesting things which were scattered about him. With these, thanks to his frequent peepings through the cracks, he already was tolerably familiar. The sail loft was an undiscovered country that he longed to explore, so up the stairway that led to it he went two steps at a time. The loft was far lighter than the room below, for the sunbeams came through the cracks in the walls. It was a great bare place, with some old sails piled up in one corner, some sail making gear still lying on a little bench and some chalk marks still in the floor that doubtless showed the exact cut of the Harmony Home's last suit of sails.

There was something a little awesome in finding all these things just as Captain Warble, years and years before, had left them, but unpleasant thoughts of this nature were driven quickly and completely out of Teddy's head as he caught sight of a delightful fat little tub of a boat standing close to the side wall at the end of the building nearest to the water carefully checked up on blocks so that it stood on an even keel. The oars and a little mast with the sail wrapped around it lay fore and aft on the thwarts, and the rudder, all ready to be shipped, was lying in the stern sheets. Running tackle was rove to rings in the bow and stern, and to stout hooks in the ridgepole of the roof. The ends of the lines were coiled away neatly over belaying pins in two of the upright beams.

Then Teddy perceived that a great trapdoor rigged with counterweights opened in the floor just over the little dock below. Obviously this was the identical boat for which the dock had been built.

As he thought of what fun he could have in that boat, along with Noal Barkum and Lem Harbud and Pud Nye and perhaps Sam Wyburn, he forgot everything else in the world.

He wanted to go right to work at swinging the boat up by the tackle and then lowering her through the trap door, but he found, to his surprise, by the way that the light was fading, that the sun must be nearly down. Accordingly he went downstairs again and found that the tide was half in and that the hole in the door was a foot under water.

There was a pin that held the door down, and when he had pulled this out he found that he could raise the door easily, for it also was hung with counterweights; so he got out without diving and pulled the door down again. Even at high tide he saw that the water would not be much more than two feet deep. Now that the door was not fastened he would roll up his trousers and wade in whenever he chose.

It was just half tide the next morning when he went down to the wharf and there was only about a foot of water at the sliding door. He was barefooted to start with, and it did not take him many minutes to roll up his trousers, slip down the edge of the wharf, open the door and shut it behind him and then scamper upstairs to the sail loft.

It is possible that Teddy would have been uneasy had he known that Miss Ruth Warble had happened to see him go down on her wharf and then disappear over the edge of it; that she had felt instinctively that something was going wrong and had made up her mind to go down to the wharf herself as soon as she had finished paring a panful of June apples and see what he was up to.

Notwithstanding his excitement Teddy went at his work very judiciously. His plan was to swing the boat up by the tackles, hauling alternately at the bow and stern and making each line fast to its belaying pin before he went at the other, until she was free of the chocks and high enough above the floor for the trapdoor to open, when, keeping a couple of turns of the ropes around the belaying pins so that the boat would not get away from him, to lower her first at the bow and then at the stern until he had her safe in the dock below. This was a good plan, but it encountered serious difficulties in executing it. The bow came up all right, but for the life of him he could not budge the stern. This was discouraging, but Teddy was a lad of expedients and had not lived all his life on the seashore without learning something about rigging. There were plenty of blocks and ropes lying around, and it did not take him long to rig a snatch block to a bolt and to the end of the line he had been hauling on. With this double purchase, by putting out all his strength, he was able to raise the boat's stern.

It was the queerest thing in the world he thought, that the stern of that boat should be so heavy. It

MISS WARBLE AND TEDDY STOOD AND STARED AT EACH OTHER.

seemed as though it were made of solid iron. At last he got the boat clear of the chocks and got the line made fast just in time to meet the jerk on it that came as the boat, now hanging free by the falls from the ridgepole of the roof, swung across nearly the whole width of the loft with such a lunge that the ridgepole bent and creaked and the whole framework of the old oil house swayed as though it were coming down.

Teddy was glad to take a good rest at this stage of the proceedings, while the boat swung backward and forward like a great pendulum flashing through the rays of sunlight.

By the time that the boat had stopped swinging and hung steadily by the falls just clear of the floor he was pretty well rested and ready to go to work again. To open the trapdoor he must raise the boat about six feet. He went at the ropes with a will, hauling away easily at the bow fall and tugging at the stern with the double purchase with all his might. At last the bow was high enough, and one more tussle with that dreadfully heavy stern would make everything clear for him to open the trapdoor and lower away. Teddy strained away at his tackle with all his strength, stopping to rest and to puff like a porpoise after each round, but gaining steadily. At last the boat swung level, a clear six feet above the floor, and victory was almost within his grasp.

It was just as he had reached this almost triumphant point in his labors and had turned to make the rope fast to the belaying pin while he opened the trapdoor—at this critical moment Miss Ruth Warble's spectacled face showed at the top of the stairs, and Miss Ruth Warble's sharp voice exclaimed:

"Why, Teddy Rockford! What badness are you doing here?"

Teddy jumped as if he had been shot. The rope slipped from his hands and whizzed through the blocks, and that tremendously heavy stern of the boat flashed downward through the sunlight. With a bang and a crash of splintering wood it struck a beam with such force that the old oil house swayed and trembled and seemed in a fair way to fall to pieces there and then.

With this banging and crashing was also a most curious jingling sound, and very astonishing was its cause. As the stern of the boat struck the beam the stern sheets were broken all to pieces, and out of the stern locker poured a stream of gold and silver coins which jingled as they fell and which blazed and glittered as the sunbeams touched them while they went rolling every which way over the floor.

In the silence which followed this outburst of noise Miss Ruth Warble and Teddy Rodford just stood and stared at each other across more silver and gold and five dollar pieces and ten dollar pieces and even twenty dollar pieces than either of them ever had seen anywhere and certainly more than they ever were likely to see again loose on the floor of a sail loft.

And so the lost fortune that Captain Tranquil Warble had hidden in this queer place before he sailed away in the Harmony Home to his death in the northern seas was found at last.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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May it soon be "good night" for the Kaiser.

It is announced that at present 100,000 American ssldiers are in France. And Uncle Sam is just getting started.

These are the days of the toothsome pumpkin pie—provided you happen to have the pumpkin, the sugar, flour, etc.

The "depth bomb", the latest American invention for putting the German submarines out of business, is reported to be a great success. Here's hoping one may be dropped onto the Kaiser.

How to make a large loaf of bread that may be sold for five cents is a promise by government agents. Good. But hurry up about it. The loaf that once sold for a nickle and is now six or seven cents is dwindling in size so fast that before long one won't be able to find it at all.

Meatless Tuesdays as a means of conserving the food supply is but one of numerous plans recommended by government experts. The advice is superfluous. Most of us are experiencing meatless Tuesdays and also other meatless days right along.

FATAL AUTO ACCIDENT

Benjamin F. Hull, of Tyrone, Dies from Injuries at Hannah.

Saturday afternoon about 3.30 o'clock an automobile accident happened at Hannah, Taylor township, Centre county in which Benjamin Franklin Hull, of Tyrone, was fatally injured. He had been engaged in the wholesale lumber business in Tyrone and was returning from a trip to various points in Bald Eagle valley and while passing over a bridge near the station the machine turned turtle and fell six feet to the bed of an old creek, Mr. Hull being carried with the car and imprisoned beneath it. The cause of the accident being a defective rod under the car, connecting with the steering gear, breaking, and causing the car to swerve into the ditch and turn turtle.

He was not rendered unconscious and later climbed from the wreckage to the embankment along the highway where he was found by a number of persons who were returning from the funeral of Mrs. Frank Lackenbach which was held that afternoon in Bellefonte. The injured man was taken to Tyrone and placed on a train and taken to the Altoona hospital where he died at 11.30 that night from the shock and internal injuries.

This was the second serious automobile accident which he had in the past month. About two weeks ago in the vicinity of Howard, Centre county, Mr. Hull was proceeding along the road when he came up behind a herd of cattle, and just ahead as he slowed down to get around them a boy ran out in front of his car and was struck. Mr. Hull sacrificing his own safety to save the boy, by turning his car into a ditch. His machine turned over and pinned him underneath it. The accident was witnessed by a passing train crew who stopped their train and rendered first aid, Mr. Hull being severely injured about the head and neck. His injuries were at that time not serious.

The deceased was 36 years of age, he being the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hull and was born in Tyrone May 12th, 1881. He was wedded at Buffalo on October 14th, 1916, to Miss Emma Starr, who survives with a son, Walter; his parents and these brothers and sisters: George C. and Ralph R., both of Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles A. and Samuel R., both of Pittsburg; Mrs. E. W. Greiner, New Castle, and Miss Ruth, Tyrone. He was affiliated with the Methodist church. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon.

Auto Plunges Over Embankment.

Wednesday afternoon of last week a gentleman from the Shoemaker garage Lock Haven, was delivering a seven ton auto truck to the Burd Coal Company at Snow Shoe. While going up what is known as Red Hill, near Runville, the driver stalled the engine, and afterwards pressed the reverse. The result was the truck ran backwards and over a bank, rolling down a distance of twenty feet. The truck overturned and caught the driver on the shoulders and over the breast, pinning him to the ground until passers-by released him. The name of the injured man could not be learned although it is said he is practically allright again.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters as a cleansing blood tonic, is well recommended. $1.00 at all stores.

PLUCKY KORNILOFF.

Russia's Famous General Made Himself a Popular Hero.

General Korniloff is considered the pluckiest general in the Russian army. The story of his career reads like a fairy tale.

Short of stature, with a bristling mustache, Korniloff, who is a general of the Siberian cossacks, first became known during the Russian retreat in the Carpathians in 1915. Against desperate odds he held out with his division till he himself was taken prisoner by the Teutons. For several months he was interned in Austria and had a very hard time there.

In 1916 he decided to escape. Disguised as a peasant, risking his life on many occasions, he walked hundreds of miles across the Carpathians into Roumania. When he finally arrived in Russia he was greeted with unbounded joy by the army. His feat also made him very popular with the entire nation. This made it possible for him to gain the great honor, immediately after the revolution, of being the first commandant of the revolutionary army at Petrograd.

In this capacity he was dispatched to Tsarskoe-Selo to arrest the czarina. The scene that followed his arrival at the residence of Nicholas Romanoff on March 21 has become historic.—New York Times.

A MATTRESS ON A WARSHIP.

It Is Both a Comfortable Bed and a Fine Life Preserver.

It must afford considerable consolation to the navy recruit to realize that the mattress on which he sleeps so comfortably at night will stand him in good stead in case of an accident to the ship. In fact, the very buoyancy which makes it such a comfortable bed is also the quality which makes it possible for it to be converted at a moment's notice into a life preserver, says the Popular Science Monthly.

The mattresses are stuffed with kapok, a lighter than cork material which is imported from the West Indies in bales similar to bales of cotton. It is made from the seeds and silk of a tree not unlike the cotton wood tree, but instead of being in puffy balls the kapok is in slender threads, which when compressed make a mass that is six times more buoyant than cork.

Thin layers of the kapok are inclosed in strong ticking for the mattresses. Each mattress is provided with tapes long enough to tie around the body and over the shoulders. It requires only a minute to adjust them.

She Knew What to Take.

Five-year-old Mary, who is always anxious to be in everything that goes on, lives in a small town where the long suffering minister still endures donation parties to make his back salary. Just before the last one she begged eagerly:

"Can't I take somethin', too, muvver?"

"No. If your father and I take something, that will be plenty."

But the child could not bear to give up the idea. So she ransacked the whole house for something suitable. Finally she appeared before her mother with a worn and faded dress of her own.

"Please, muvver, can't I take this? See, it's not a speck of good for anything," she urged.—Christian Herald.

Red Dragon of Wales.

Henry VII., the first of the Tudor monarchs, introduced the red dragon of Wales into the royal standard after the battle of Bosworth.

Queen Mary had it removed, and Queen Elizabeth replaced it, but it was finally displaced as one of the quarterings by James I. in favor of the unicorn and has never since been accorded a place on the monarch's personal flag.

King George, however, when the Welsh Guards were added to the army a few years ago, approved of the red dragon being emblazoned on the king's color of that regiment.—London Chronicle.

Persian Ware.

True porcelain was never produced in Persia, but hard paste porcelain in Persian forms and styles of decoration was made in China for the Persian market. Wine ewers with powder blue glaze and gold overglaze decoration, small vase and bowls with bronze luster glaze and designs reserved in white are found in collections of Persian ware, but these are unquestionable of Chinese origin.

Frequently the Case.

"We endeavored to keep an account of our expenditures, but, after all, it didn't give us a very clear idea of where the money went."

"Why not?"

"Because both my wife and myself had too many items that we wanted to list as sundries."—Lamb.

Opportunity.

It is a maxim agreed upon in agriculture that nothing must be done too late, and, again, that everything must be done at its proper season, while there is a third precept which reminds us that opportunity lost can never be regained.—Pliny the Elder.

Makes For Trouble.

"Just because a man is always giving himself away is no sign that he has a generous disposition."

"No, it isn't. But unless his wife has a generous disposition it's a sign that he is always in hot water."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.—Hare.

SHUN THE SWINDLERS.

When You Invest Your Money Do Not Buy a Gold Brick.

Swindling promoters are shrewd. Whenever they find any line of industry phenomenally successful they immediately organize fake companies and print lurid literature telling of the wonderful prospects in this line, of fortunes that have been made in it and of the opportunity they are giving to small investors to secure a generous income. So we have had automobile, oil, mining, real estate, hotel, plantation, and now there are several newer schemes, in which the credulous public is invited to put all its loose change.

Why doesn't the public realize that in all these lines of business the old, well established and dividend paying concerns offer the best opportunities for investment? They never print lurid literature, guaranteeing fortunes and promising extravagant dividends. They are managed by men whose characters put them above this, yet the public will only bite on a bait that is made extraordinarily attractive by promises impossible of performance.

Hence the vogue of companies that sell their shares as low as 1 cent each. The man with $10 who can buy a certificate for 1,000 shares jumps at the promise held out to him that some day his $10 may grow into $10,000. To him it is a lottery, nothing else. And when he loses, as he always does, he goes out on the street corner and denounces the "sharks of Wall stret."—Jasper in Leslie's Weekly.

UNGATHERED HONEY.

Billions of Dollars' Worth Is Lost by Waste Every Year.

An editorial in the Farm and Fireside says:

The present centering of attention by economists on food waste is showing that one of the most unnecessary losses of a valuable food product is the ungathered nectar of flowers.

Speaking in a broad way, there are few farms in America that do not annually produce several hundredweight of honey over and above the honey required to sustain the bee harvesters of this appetizing staple food product.

The farms on which the owners systematically plan to save their honey at present are less than one in a hundred. On several million American farms where this honey goes unharvested year after year this wastage aggregates billions of dollars.

A Minnesota scientific bee culturist, Francis Jager, is authority for the statement that 100 colonies of honeybees suitably located and properly cared for can be expected to average a net production of profit twice as great as that of the average 160 acre farm of his state can show, while the equipment and overhead are less. Of course 100 colonies of bees cannot be pastured on an average sized farm, but there are innumerable farms where a dozen hives of bees could gather $100 worth of honey annually.

The Supreme Court.

For the supreme court of the United States there is no exact precedent either in the ancient or the modern times. In making the great constitution the "fathers" availed themselves of all past knowledge and experience, but it was probably from the French publicist Montesquieu that they got their idea of the supreme court. In this book, "The Spirit of the Laws," Montesquieu, after making a masterly analysis of all forms of government, uses these words: "There is no liberty if the judicial power be not separated from the legislative and the executive." The framers of the constitution knew Montesquieu's book well, and there is not any room for doubt about their getting the idea of the supreme court from that source.—New York American.

Monkeys In Boots.

In tropical countries the natives have many unique ways of catching monkeys. One of them, as explained by a traveler, is this: The hunters walk about in short boots in sight of the monkeys. Then they take the boots off, place some gum in the bottoms and leave them on the ground, withdrawing themselves to a great distance. Presently the monkeys come down from the trees and try on the boots, and when the hunters come after them the boots stick to the feet of the monkeys, and they are unable to climb. Thus the imitative little animals are captured.

Well Posted.

"I hear you are thinking of buying a farm."

"That's my intention," said the city man, with a complacent air.

"Well, don't forget the importance of silos."

"Trust me for that, sir. By the way—er—do those things consume much gasoline?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Didn't Sound It.

"What was that your daughter was singing at the piano?"

"Oh, that was 'Sweet and Low,' I believe."

"Well, I certainly would never have taken it for anything like that."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Colors of Austria.

The Austrian black and yellow were the colors of the Holy Roman Empire. They were adopted, so the story goes, by Frederick Barbarossa, whose fancy was captured at a ceremony in Mayence by the black and gold flooring of the hall.

Heredity.

June—Does he get his mechanical ingenuity from his father's side or his mother's? Bess—From his mother's; she was a poetess.—Life.

WARTIME SIGNALS.

A Clever Device That Was Used by the Ancient Romans.

In view of the varied and scientific signal methods used in modern warfare a description of the ancient signaling methods found in the writings of Polybius will prove of interest.

This writer had observed the operations of the Roman generals before the fall of Carthage in 146 B. C. and says they provided their signal stations with earthenware vessels, exactly equal in all respects and fitted with cocks which allowed the water to escape at the same rate. They were carefully tested to make sure of the last requirement. Corks of smaller diameter than the vessel were floated in them, bearing rods, upon which were marked at a distance of three fingers apart the simplest and most urgent military messages. They were used as follows:

The sending station raised a torch. The receiving station, seeing it, did likewise. This was a signal for both stations to open the corks of their water jars. When the rod at the sending station had sunk so that the desired message appeared at the edge of the jar another torch was raised, and the receiving station shut off its cork and read the message on the rod, marked identically with that at the sending station.—Detroit Free Press.

MAN AND THE APES.

And the Anatomical Flaws In the Theory of Evolution.

Dr. Mattoon M. Curtis, professor of philosophy in Western Reserve university, protests in a letter to Science against the assertion, still common in current scientific literature, that man is a descendant of the anthropoid apes. He quotes Professor Duckworth, the leading authority in this field, who wrote in his "Morphology and Anthropology:"

"We must conclude that the existing anthropoid apes, constituted as they now are, did not figure in the ancestral history of man."

And he points out some of the fundamental differences between man and the apes, differences which defy any theory of evolution to explain. Among these differences are those in the form of the skulls, the shape of the most ancient skulls that have been found being substantially the same as the shape of the skulls of today.

Professor Curtis pleads that sound science and sound education be based upon actual facts and such theories as grow out of them rather than upon mere speculations.

Cut the Ship In Two.

"I was a passenger on one of the old fashioned sailing steamers going from London to Australia in 1888," said a traveler. "In the Red sea we ran plump into a vessel, and our boat cut it entirely in two, so neatly that it might almost have been done with a huge knife. We went clean through her, and the men on the vessel struck stepped from the two halves of that ship on to our deck. The injured vessel went down within a few minutes after it had been struck. The thing was so strange that when the captain of the vessel we had struck went back to London an investigation was held, and it was substantially proved that the officers had with design got in the immediate track of our vessel in order to bring about a collision in the hope that they could collect insurance money. The captain and some of the officers were punished by imprisonment."

The Crow Family.

The crow family, to which the rook belongs, is placed by ornithologists at the head of the bird world, as being more highly organized than any other. Linnaeus gave the post of honor to the eagles because of their kingly quality of rapacity. The eagles were then dethroned in favor of the thrushes by reason of the higher development of their vocal organs, but two great authorities on ornithology, Professor Parker and Professor Newton, agreed in assigning the highest place to the corvidae on account of their "wit and wisdom," their development of social habits, their "subrationality" and their possession of larger brains in proportion to the weight of the body than those of any other birds.

Got His Answer.

A facetious gallant at Ocean Grove took a little girl on his knee and said:

"I don't love you, Nellie."

All the ladies on the veranda laughed, but little Nellie frowned and said:

"You've got to love me; you've got to."

"Got to! How so?" laughed the man.

"Because," said Nellie stoutly, "you've got to love them that hate you, and I hate you, goodness knows!"—Washington Star.

Going Too Far.

Mrs. Boffin—I read in the paper that a woman in looking after another woman to see what she had on fell out of a window. Mr. Boffin—Well, that only goes to show that some women in trying to follow the fashions can go too far.—Illustrated Bits.

Clean Breast of It.

Mother (coming from pantry)—Robert, did you pick all the white meat off the chicken?

Bobbie—Well, ma, to make a clean breast of it, I did.—Boston Transcript.

Perplexing.

"This bit of literature hasn't any plot to speak of, but it's got me guessing."

"Detective story, eh?"

"Nope; time table."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He that plants thorns will not gather roses.—Proverb.

A DOCTOR AND A THRONE.

How England's Present Royal Family Gained the Crown.

That George V. now sits on the throne of England is due in no small measure to the prognosis of a seventeenth century physician, Dr. Richard Mead, who was born in London Aug. 11, 1673. When Queen Anne, last of the Stuart rulers, became fatally ill in 1714 Dr. Mead was called in consultation. After an examination of the stricken queen he found that she was near death's door, and the doctor so informed the leaders of the Whig party, with which he was affiliated.

The Whigs favored the Hanoverian succession and immediately on learning that Anne was soon to succumb began to plan for the realization of their ambitions. The regular physicians of the queen did not believe that she was so near to death, so when Anne breathed her last in 1714 the supporters of Anne's brother, James, were unprepared for the event. Anne's Tory ministry was in favor of placing James on the throne, but the Whigs, thanks to Dr. Mead, had already taken such action as to insure the succession of the elector of Hanover, and in September George I. made his triumphal entry into England.

Dr. Mead was rewarded by being made physician to the new royal family. Many English historians have attributed large importance to the physician's prognosis in bringing about the succession of the royal house which has ruled England for two centuries.—New York World.

NEW SLANG WHICH IS OLD.

Chaucer Said "Come Off," and Shakespeare Wrote "Good Night."

A new slang phrase is sprung and sweeps the country. If it is apt and pat you will hear it on the street, from the pulpit and in the schoolroom. Then, apparently without reason, its vogue vanishes, and it is added to the world's collection of antiquities.

Perhaps one reason why a new slang expression is short lived is because some investigator finds that it really is not new, but merely a revival of a phrase which in its day was not slang at all. It has remained for Professor R. P. Utter in Harper's Magazine to throw light on the expression "Good night!" meaning finality. The vaudeville entertainers who first used it, thinking they were originators, should be a trifle crestfallen to find that it belongs to one William Shakespeare. Get out Part I. of "Henry IV." You will read there:

If he fall in, good night! Or sink or swim.

But that isn't all. "Come off" and "Go sit down" have had their day, but we all thought they were new until Professor Utter found them both in Chaucer.

And "Not in it" and "Cut it out," both striking American slang phrases, come from English literature of the highest type. Shakespeare used "Not in it," and Richard Brinsley Sheridan incorporated "Cut it out" in one of his plays.

Making Shrapnel.

Were the average layman able to grasp the staggering complexities of chemical and mechanical details involved in the making of a shrapnel shell he would be amazed. For instance, 170 gauges are required to manufacture the combination time and percussion fuse for three-quarter inch shrapnel. The powder used must have the correct burning time or the explosion will occur too soon or too late. It is impossible to obtain two powders with the same burning time; hence the burning time has to be determined on each lot of powder. This formerly required one and one-half hours; now it takes five minutes. Likewise the time consumed in blending powders has been reduced from sixteen hours to fifteen minutes.—Popular Science Monthly.

Song of the Brown Thrasher.

When the brown thrasher starts to sing one might just as well listen, as he will be heard, and every other bird might just as well keep still, as nothing else can be heard. He dominates the entire vicinity. He is on the stage in the middle of the spotlight. His performance is dramatic. It is comic opera at its best. The brown thrasher is more commonly known, probably, as the brown thrush or sometimes as the cinnamon thrush, but as the bird does not belong to the thrush family he should be given his proper name. He is a cousin of the catbird and the mocking bird.—Ohio State Journal.

Wise Tommie.

"What are you looking for in the dictionary, Tommie?" asked the parsimonious aunt, finding her little nephew in her house.

"I'm looking for pie, auntie," replied the boy.

"Loking for pie in the dictionary, Tommie?"

"Yes'm. Somebody told me it was the only place in your house it ever could be found."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Waiting Game.

"By the way, old man, how is your suit with Miss Roxley progressing?"

"Slowly. I'm playing a waiting game just now."

"A waiting game?"

"Yes; I'm waiting for her to change her mind."—Boston Transcript.

Its Location.

Bladys Roxton—And the duke is so brave, papa! Why, he declares he intends to become an aviator. Papa—H'm! He does, eh? Wants to visit his castle, I suppose?—Puck.

Who is able to help is not yet poor; who is able to love is not yet old.

CLUB CONVENTION

(continued from page 1)

said unless we could secure this like appropriation through our County Commissioners, that our $1950.00 would go for use in other Counties. Every argument by our Commissioners against the Mother's Assistance is overbalanced by those favoring it. Dr. Becht, Secretary of the State Educational Department, says the Mother's Assistance Fund has less expense attached to it than any other appropriated fund. It is an economical bill to save County expenses. The fund belongs to Centre County—there are worthy cases in need of it, and Centre County should insist upon her rights. Mrs. Chatham made every Centre County delegate feel that from a Child Welfare standpoint, Centre County should not lose this appropriation.

The box luncheon provides a social feature, which every member appreciates. The Hostess Club furnished coffee, ice cream and cake.

The success of the meeting is due to the Committees, who so faithfully planned and carried out their several duties.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE,
BELLEFONTE WOMAN'S CLUB.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice :—

Mrs. C. E. Clark, Miss Helen Colyer, Miss Mattie B. Causby, Mrs. Myrtle Delo (2), Miss Mary Flack, Willie H. Hassie, Mrs. N. R. Holcombe, Miss Irene Jones, Barbara Kucker, B. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Orris, W. H. Reichenbach (2), J. B. Rittgers, Miss Lara Scott. When called for please say advertised.

Honor Roll.

An Honor Roll was placed in the vestibule of the Bellefonte St. John's Reformed church and one in the hall of the Chapel, on which are inscribed the names of the eleven young men who have enlisted in the army and navy from this congregation. The Honor Rolls are decorated with two U. S. flags and the portrait sof Washington and Lincoln.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	40
Eggs	40

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	[illegible]
Corn	[illegible]
Oats	[illegible]
Rye	1.50

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG

BUSINESS CHANCES

We Establish Cut Rate Tire Agencies

There should be one in each locality

30x3 Non Skids $6.80
30x3 1-2 Non Skids $8.60

Small capital required. Profits are large. For full particulars address

Popular Tire and Rubber Co.
2658 Broadway, New York City

Here's Your Chance You Can Live in a New Up-to-Date Home

By moving to Clearfield

We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.

For particulars apply to

Clearfield Textile Co.

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Williams, of Houserville, spent Sunday at the A. L. Bowersox home here.

William Elder, after several weeks visit among his numerous Centre County friends, returned to his home in Medina, Ohio, last week.

George Bell and wife and youngsters came up from Eden Hill to spend the Sabbath with relatives in town.

C. H. Martz, one of the stand-bys on the State highway at Birmingham, spent Sunday here with his family.

Fred Roush, a member of Troop L who was left back on account of a broken arm, last week reported for duty at Camp Hancock, Georgia, where he was promptly discharged.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Clark and his aged mother motored over from Waddle on Sunday and visited with Rock Springs relatives.

Rev. Victor Nearhoof and Rev. Harry F. Babcock, of Halfmoon M. E. church, will exchange pulpitsthis coming Sunday evening, the 14th inst.

Mrs. Henrietta Dale, of Boalsburg, visited with relatives on the Branch on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Everhart and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Houck were callers at the J. E. Reed home at Rock Springs on Sunday.

John Stover, son of Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Stover, recently enlisted in the U. S. Navy hospital corps and is in training at League Island, Phila.

A. C. Kepler and wife and mother and J. H. Markel motored to Snow Shoe where they spent Sunday with Mrs. James Quick.

This coming Saturday evening E. S. Erb, D. D. G. M., will install the newly elected officers of Penn valley Lodge, No. 276, I. O. O. F., here. The exercises will will be followed by a feast to which a large turn-out is expected.

J. W. Sunday, a Civil war veteran, is housed up, suffering from an attack of indigestion.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Elder, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Elder, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Elder and Miss Grace Elder motored to Markleburg Saturday to visit Mrs. D. H. Young and family.

Miss Bessie Goheen, who has been confined to her bed the past week, is now convalescing.

James E. Peters and wife motored to Houserville where they spent the afternoon at the Allman home. Mrs. Allman's health is much broken down.

Grandmother Mary From, while walking in the J. C. Bailey yard, fell and injured her hip and is now confined to her bed. Her mental condition is very much impaired.

Hammill Goheen, of Baileyville, spent part of Saturday in Dr. Krebs' dental chair having his grinders repaired.

J. H. Miller, an old Civil war veteran, was quite a sick man the early part of the week, but he is now improving nicely.

Helen, the seven years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lytle, of Eldorado, died last Friday night from diphtheria. Her remains were brought to Pine Hall cemetery for burial on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Her parents and three sisters and one brother deeply mourn her passing away. The mother and one sister are afflicted with the same dreaded disease.

That famous bird, the stork, hovered over the Harry Sunday home and left behind a chubby little boy. For the present his name is "Cryer."

Saturday evening H. A. Elder and Mrs. Blanche Louck had a head-on collision on East Main street. Mr. Elder claims he was nearly on the sidewalk and that Mrs. Louck failed to see him until the crash occurred. Mrs. John Keller was in the Louck car and was bruised about the head and for a short time was unconscious. Both cars were damaged more or less.

The Republican ticket placed in nomination in East Precinct, Ferguson Township, follows:—J. W. Sunday, Judge of Election; D. G. Reed, Inspector; George Porter, Registration Assessor; E. C. Musser, Assessor; J. E. Elder, Tax Collector; D. S. Peterson, School Director; E. T. Parsons, School Director.

Boalsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. David Keller and family and Mrs. Susan Keller, of Rockview, spent a short time on Sunday afternoon at the O. L. Mothersbaugh home.

Snowden Lonberger, of Virginia, visited at the home of his brother, Bruce Lonberger here.

Mr and Mrs. Porter, of Youngstown, Ohio, spent a short time at the home of W. A. Murray Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Kuhn spent Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. Frank Goss and daughter, Mrs. Frank Rapp and son, of Buffalo, visited Mrs. Goss's aunt, Miss Mary Markle at the O. L. Mothersbaugh home.

A. W. Dale spent Friday of last week in Bellefonte.

Miss Sara Keller and Mrs. Frank McFarlane spent several days of last week at Bellefonte.

The following ladies from Boalsburg attended the Tri-County Conference of the Women's Clubs which was held at Bellefonte on Friday: Mrs. Emma Stuart, Mrs. O. L. Mothersbaugh, Mrs. E. E. Brown, Mrs. William Meyer, Mrs. G. N. Fisher, Mrs. Fred Reitz and Miss Anna Dale.

Edward Tussey, of Sinking Valley, was a guest at the William Goheen home over Sunday.

Dr. L. E. Kidder and wife and Miss Ada Keene were Williamsport visitors from Friday until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rimmey and family, of Jersey Shore, and Miss Margaret Hoy, of State College, were guests of Mrs. R. B. Harrison on Sunday.

Mrs. William Coxey, of Bellefonte, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Kinley, of Williamsport, spent last Friday with Mrs. annie Coxey.

Dr. and Mrs. McCormick, of Hublersburg, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Jennie Fortney.

Centre Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Cummings and Mrs. John Page and son, Charles, made a trip to Bellefonte on Monday.

Orian Reish and Mrs. Harry Wolf visited at the home of John Day, east of Smullton, on Sunday

The Adam Reish family spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Paul Hackman

Prof. Godshall and family, of Spring Mills, and Mr. Bilger and family, of Pleasant Gap, visited at the J. A. Kline home Sunday afternoon.

Those sick at Smullton include Mrs. Jacob Walizer, who was seized with a paralytic stroke and is not recovering as well as her friends had hoped for; Mrs. Jane Waite, who is suffering from an affection of the heart.

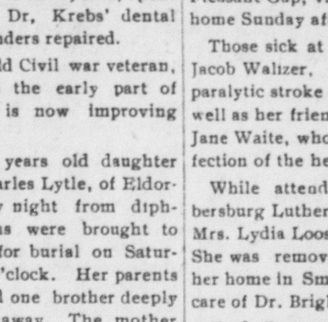
While attending services in the Rebersburg Lutheran church last Sunday Mrs. Lydia Loose fell over unconscious. She was removed in an automobile to her home in Smullton and is under the care of Dr. Bright.

Fred Best and family had dinner on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hackman.

[illegible] and Mrs. Bateman, of Millheim, attended church services at Smullton on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kline motored to Shrader, Mifflin County. They were accompanied home by their daughter, Miss Minnie Kline, who has been engaged in evangelistic services in Mifflin County since August 10th with splendid results.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Woodward.

T. G. Wolf and family spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of the former's brother, Sumner, at Howard.

Mrs. Phoebe Wise spent Saturday and Sunday with her son, Samuel Orndorf, at Coburn.

Daniel Benner, wife and daughter, Miss Florence, and Mrs. C. D. Motz transacted business in Millheim Monday afternoon.

Theodore Hosterman wife and son, Steward, from Akron, Ohio, spent the greater part of last week with the gentleman's mother, Mrs. Celinda Hosterman. They were accompanied to their home by Mr. Hosterman's sister, Miss Lida, and L. L. Weaver.

Mrs. Edward Sheesley was seriously ill a few days last week.

J. B. Ard and wife, and Irvin Smith and family motored to West Milton Sunday.

James Klinger, from Colorado, and Peter Klinger, from Illinois, spent Monday at the Isaac Orndorf home.

Mrs. F. K. Lukenbach Laid to Rest.

Last Thursday, after we had our forms locked up ready to go to press we were informed of the sad death of Mrs. Frank Lukenbach, of Tyrone, and thus were only able to make a formal announcement of her demise. As stated she passed away in the Lakeside hospital, at Cleveland, Ohio, where she had been for ten days receiving special treatment and finally was compelled to undergo an operation which proved too much for her physical strength and she passed away Thursday morning about 5 o'clock. For several months Mrs. Lukenbach had been in precarious health and of late she had been confined to her home almost continuously. Her illness became so alarming that it was found necessary that she submit to an operation in the hope of saving her life.

Mrs. Lukenbach, was born in Bellefonte August 25th, 1870, making her age 47 years, 1 month and 9 days. She was the daughter of Charles and Celia Montgomery Bullock who died when she was but a child, and she with her brother John Bullock, grew up in the home of their grandmother Mrs. Montgomery. On October the 10th, 1894, she was united in marriage to Frank K. Lukenbach, who was at that time cashier of the First National bank of Philipsburg, and they resided in Philipsburg until December, 1902, when Mr. Lukenbach became vice president of the Blair County National bank at Tyrone, and the family became residents of that place. Mrs. Lukenbach was a woman of most estimable character. Devoted to her home and her church, she gave unstintedly of her life in behalf of her loved ones and for the Master's cause. She was a devout working member of Trinity Episcopal church of Tyrone, and she was earnest and constant as a member of the Woman's Guild of that church. Besides her husband, she is survived by one daughter, Catherine B., who is a student at the School of Industrial Art, Philadelphia, and one son, Richard K., who is a student at Pennsylvania State College. Her brother, John Bullock, of Bellefonte, also survives. Her husband was summoned hastily to Cleveland Wednesday afternoon when his wife's condition became alarming. He accompanied the remains to Bellefonte Friday evening when they were taken to the Bullock home on Curtin street. Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock the funeral took place from the Episcopal church. The services were conducted by Rev. M. DeP. Maynard, rector of the Bellefonte Episcopal church, assisted by Rev. Frank T. Cady, rector of the Trinity Episcopal church. Tyrone. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Mrs Harry Mitchell Dead.

Mrs. Linnie May Mitchell, wife of Harry Mitchell, of Bellefonte, died in the Lock Haven hospital Monday morning at 5 o'clock. She was the daughter of Joseph (deceased) and Frances Rorabaugh and was born in Beech Creek 45 years ago. She leaves her mother and nine children: Mrs. Vincent Delaney, Nittany; Mary, Charles, Della, Elean, Elinor, Margaret, James and Joseph, all at home. One brother, Thomas Rorabaugh, of Beech Creek, and one sister, Mrs. Thomas Burney, of North Bend, also survive. The remains were taken to the home of the deceased's mother at Beech Creek and this (Thursday) morning were brought to Bellefonte and taken to the Catholic church where services were held by Father Downes. Interment in Catholic cemetery.

Job Williams Dead.

Job Williams who for some time has made his home with his son, McClellan C. Williams, the well known salesman at Altoona, died at 6.35 Tuesday morning of diseases incident to old age. He was born Aug. 10, 86 years ago and prior to going to Altoona to make his home with his son several years ago resided at Port Matilda, Centre county, spending the greater part of his life in that section. His wife died many years ago and in addition to the son in Altoona two older sons, Byron Williams, of Curtin, Pa., and Foster Williams, of Bellefonte, and a daughter, Mrs. Cora Clausing, of New Mexico, survive. He was a member of the Methodist church and served in the Civil War. Interment in the Presbyterian cemetery, at Port Matilda.

War Library Fund.

The contributions from Bellefonte to War Library Fund have been as follows:

St. John's Guild-Episcopal Church $10.
The Woman's Aid Society-Presbyterian Church $10.
The Epworth League-Methodist Church $5.
The Aid Society of the Reformed Church $5.
The Evangelical Sunday School $5.
The Dorcas Society-Roman Catholic Church $5.
Willing Workers Class-Lutheran Church $3.
The Woman's Club $25.
The Woman's Christian Temperance Union $10.
The Daughters of the American Revolution $5.
The Crystal Springs-Rebekah Lodge $10.
The Woman's Suffrage Party-Bellefonte $51.15.
The Bellefonte Academy $4.
Rev. Malcolm DeP Maynard $2.
Mrs. W. H. Wilson $25.
Mrs. J. L. Spangler $5.
Mrs. J. M. Curtin $3.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richard $5.
Mr. & Mrs. J. L. Montgomery $5.
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Blanchard $2.
Miss Katharine Musser $1.
Col. W. Fred Reynolds $10.
Total $206.15.

In response to a plea sent out to Woman Suffrage Leaders in Centre County $48.85 was raised as follows:

Blanchard $10.
Hublersburg $1.
Millheim $1.
Moshannon Picnic $14.25.
Howard $20.60.

At Howard the High School raised $2, the Intermediate grade 67c, the Grammar $1.43, Miss Schenck's Primary School $1.50.

$255 has been raised all of which with the exception of $23 was paid by women or through their organizations.

The Woman's Suffrage Party of Centre County contributed $100.

In behalf of the War Library Council and of the soldiers and sailors, I thank all those who have helped in this work.

ELIZABETH B. BEACH,
Chairman.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Nevin E. Cole, Lela E. Ardery	Bellefonte "
Gomer Thomas Carrie A. Niles,	State College Scranton
Clarence M. Hazel, Nell J. Hastings Miller	Bellefonte "
John S. Crandell, Kathryn B. Foster,	New York City State College
Delmer R. Schnars Mabel Ruth Harris	Hawk Run Philipsburg
Fred W. Hollobaugh Helen C. Irvin	Bellefonte "
Peter S. Swisher, Addie Resides,	Mill Hall "

J. P Zimmerman Dead.

J. P. Zimmerman, formerly of Centre County, but more lately of Topeka, Kansas, died on Monday, October 8th, aged 80 years. He was one of the earliest to introduce the first reapers and mowers, self binders, threshing machines, also steam power for such implements, in Centre County. Of a family of twelve there now remain but three, since his death, namely, Isaiah, of Valley Falls, Kansas; another brother, H. E. Zimmerman, of near Bellefonte, and a sister, Mrs. Lizzie Biddle, of Lewisburg. Two daughters also survive. His death marks the third in the family in two years.

Two Men Killed.

Two young men were instantly killed about 1 o'clock Monday afternoon when an iron bridge over Jack's creek, about a mile east of Lewistown, gave way and precipitated an automobile containing three men into the water thirty feet below. The dead:

Thomas Snell, aged 26, of Harrisburg; had draft card 678 in his pocket.

Unidentified Man, perhaps —Wiger, likely 26 years old, of Steelton; nothing to identify him.

Alec Maurer, driver of the car, is the only survivor. He is seriously but not dangerously injured by the accident.

Death of Benjamin White.

Benjamin White passed away at his home in Akron, Ohio, Monday morning at 10 o'clock. He was married to Miss Gertie Scott, of Bellefonte. The remains were brought to this place Wednesday afternoon and taken to the home of Mrs. White's mother, Mrs. Lavina Scott, on WaterStreet, from where the funeral was held this (Thursday) morning. The deceased was a good man and was employed in the railroad office in that city.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation,—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulets (30c per box) act mildly on the liver and bowels. At all drug stores.

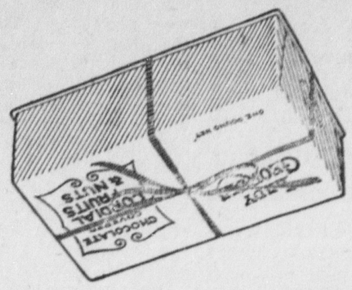
Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

An Undiscovered Best.

"Are you getting well paid for your work?"

"No. That's why I'm not doing my best work. Seems to me nobody ever is willing to pay enough to find out just how good I can be."—Detroit Free Press.

Fine Chocolates



Crisp, rich chocolates with luscious Nut and Fruit filling in a well assorted variety.

Special 39c Full Pound Box

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

The Anthracite Jehu.

The coal cart driver is nature's most wonderful dialectician. He knows all the profane branches of his mother tongue. When a coal cart driver obstructs a motorman it is fifty-fifty which insults courtesy most. The papers never mention it because cold print cannot reproduce fervor.

The coal cart driver treats diamonds with disrespect and has no favors for millionaires. Why should one kotow who sits upon a dusty fortune? Never! And he tosses coal into your cellar as if it were worth no more than [illegible] potatoes or automobiles.

Still, for the coal cart driver we have some veneration. At least he is not impish at heart as is [illegible], as he mingles without pride and does not wear a wrist watch. Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Universal and Eternal.

The original inhabitants of Bessarabia are believed to have been Cimmerians, after whom came the Scythians Because it was the key to one of the approaches toward the empire of Byzantium the province was invaded by many successive races during the early centuries of the Christian era. Trajan incorporated it with the province of Dacia, and in the next century the Goths poured into it, to be followed in turn by the Huns, the Avars and the Bulgarians. In the seventh century a Thracian tribe, known as the Bessi, settled there and gave to the land its name

"Yes, life is universal and eternal, for time is one of its factors—yesterday the moon, today the earth, tomorrow Jupiter. In space there are cradles and tombs. The red carbon stars will soon be dead; the hydrogen stars, like Vega and Sirius, are the stars of the future; Procyon, Capella and Arcturus are the stars of the present. Aldebaran seems to be already an autumn fruit." So said Flammarion.

Sportingly Considered.

"Remember the story of the hare and the tortoise?"

"Yes," replied Erastus Pinkley. "But dat story don't tell you nuffin 'bout de odds dat was posted agin de tortoise. Dem long shots do come in sometimes, but you kain't 'pend on 'em."—Washington Star.

Misfits at the Bargain Sale.

Nell—I stopped in at a bargain sale today. Belle—Did you see anything that looked real cheap? Nell—Yes; several men waiting for their wives.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Conceit.

"Pa, what is a conceit?"

"A mental disease, my boy, that is dangerous only when it becomes chronic."—Detroit Free Press.

The Old, Old Story Boiled Down.

She (early in the evening)—Good evening, Mr. Sampson. Same She (late in the evening)—Good night, George.

For any itchiness of the skin rashes, chap, pimples, etc., try Doan's Ointment. 60c at all drug stores.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphan's Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania.

In the Matter of the Estate of Bruce Hughes, late of Philipsburg Borough, deceased.

The undersigned, Auditor appointed by the said Court to audit and make distribution of the balance in the hands of the Farmer's Trust Company, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Executor of etc., of the said Bruce Hughes deceased, as shown by its First and Final account, duly filed, and confirmed by said Court, to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will meet the parties in interest, for the purpose of his appointment, on Friday, November 2nd, 1917, at 9:00 o'clock A. M. at his offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims, or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

HARRY KELLER,
Auditor.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth on the 23rd day of October, 1917 under the Corporation Act of 1874, for a charter of of an intended corporation to be called the "Port Matilda Supply Company," the character and object of which is to buy and sell articles of merchandise, having its principal office in the village of Port Matilda, Centre County, Pennsylvania; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

ORVIS & ZERBY,
Solicitors.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Mary E. Beightol vs. Harvey D. Beightol.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 73 December Term 1916. In Divorce.

To Harvey D. Beightol:—Whereas your wife, Mary E. Beightol has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 73 December Term 1916, praying for a divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the First Monday in December, 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Mary E. Beightol, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Beightol should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
October 2, 1917.

NOTICE.

Pennsylvania State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa. Sealed proposals will be received at said office until 10 A. M., October 16, 1917, when bids will be publicly opened and scheduled, and contract awarded as soon thereafter as possible, for the reconstruction of 2,454 linear feet of Vitrified Block Pavement, 16 feet and 20 feet wide, situated in Bellefonte Borough Centre County, State-aid Application No. 456. Plans and specifications may be seen at office of State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa., 1001 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., 504 Hartje Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Bellefonte, Pa. Full particulars and information on application to J. Denny O'Neil, State Highway Commissioner.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte.

FOR SALE—Badger Dairy Feed, 24 per cent Protein, go to J. S. White & Co.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Five room house on North Penn street. Inquire of Herbert Arman, Bellefonte.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—A good janitor. Good wages. Nice home. Easy but steady work. Address Box H, Bellefonte.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

WANTED—25 Cutters for woods work. Props and Tie Blocks. 4c each. Good Timber—Accommodations ready. Paid every two weeks. In full. 1500 ACRES. J. E. Seeds, Tyrone, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Oroio Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

PERSONAL—Let Madame Kosmos help you by telling the mysteries of your life, character and future. Send Birthdate and Dime. De Laurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Twenty-five men for woods work—Mine Props—Tie Blocks and Logs. Best of Timber & Prices. Accommodations ready—Store close by. Transportation to operation. Acerage 1500. J. E. SEEDS, TYRONE, PA.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

A Stratagem

The Football Game at Westmoreland

By ESTHER VANDERVEER

It would be impossible to give a correct catalogue of the reasons why the male students of Westmoreland became antagonistic to co-eds pursuing the college course with them. Some pert little misses, tossing their heads, declared that it was because the girls wouldn't flirt; that they themselves had turned their backs upon sophomores who had more assurance than brains. Others averred that the presence of the women made the college a "hennery" instead of a field for "stags." A third lot laid the whole movement to the fact that several of the girls took scholarships away from as many young men. Certain it is that one young woman of remarkable facility for learning captured a prize that all the honor men were striving for.

Be that as it may, the antagonistic spirit prevailed, and it was determined by the board of managment that the class of '16 should be the last woman's class to be admitted to the university. The class contained an unusually bright lot of girls, who, spurred on by what they considered an injustice to their sex, devoted their intellectual efforts to taking away as many perquisites in the shape of prizes and scholarships as possible.

Miss Julia Horton, president of the class, proved an excellent choice. Not much of a scholar, she developed a rare talent for management. Upon her election she made a few remarks embodying the desire that the members of the class should beat the men in every field.

"In athletics?" asked a voice.

Miss Horton was staggered for a moment, then bringing her white fist down on the table, said with vigor, "Yes, in athletics."

A burst of laughter followed the announcement, after which it was forgotten till three years had passed. The president had by this time been succeeded by others, but she had become the recognized manager of the class. The college fall term for 1916 had scarcely commenced when she called half a dozen of her classmates to her room for a conference, and when they were assembled said to them:

"You may remember that when I was elected class president in our freshman year I signified a wish we should beat these dog in the manger students who haven't the brains to take prizes themselves and are unwilling that we should take them, even on the athletic field. Our prize scholars are sure to sweep the board next June, and I have called you together to consult as to a means of beating the men in athletics."

A dozen coral ears were pricked up at once at this daring statement.

"If we haven't the muscle," Miss Horton continued, "we may at least have the ingenuity to find a way to beat the men, or at least drive them from the field. The football season is at hand. At that game manly strength has a greater advantage over woman's physique than any athletic contest. I propose that we select a team from among those of us whose advantage lies rather in our muscles than our brains and at the final of the season attempt to win a game."

"Nonsense! Impossible! It wouldn't be proper!" were the words that greeted the proposition.

"All I ask of you," continued the speaker, "is to co-operate with me. We will organize a team. We will not let our object be known till the last moment, then we will challenge the university team, relying on our wits rather than our physical strength to win. At any rate, we may get revenge."

"Wit won't win where brute strength is needed," remarked Miss Porter.

"Any more than brute strength will win where brains are required," Miss Ripley added, "as is manifest from our sweeping away the prizes and scholarships from these strapping fellows."

"We might weaken them," suggested little Miss Muffins, "by sticking pins into them."

"I have a scheme," said Miss Horton, "that I propose to put in practice when it comes to the final test."

"What is it?" asked all at once.

"Girls," was the reply given impressively, "there is one faculty we need not flatter ourselves we possess—reticence. I shall not communicate my plan to the men through each and every one of you."

Miss Horton won the assent of the company, they agreeing to her terms—at least all of them except little Miss Muffins, who declared she could never in the world wait for the denouement.

There were several remarkably strong young women in the class, and one, Mary Honk, who had come from a farm on which, her classmates declared, she had followed the plow, was five feet eight in height and strong as an ox. Miss Horton, who organized the team, selected her for the most prominent position and assigned the others to the rest of the places as they seemed best fitted.

Since the manager's plan was based upon the wits rather than the strength of the team it was not supposed that training and practice would be adhered to very strictly. The main trouble was to find a ground where they could practice without having the men students ogle and guy them. However, they secured a gridiron in a neighboring town, fenced in, and on practice days went there in a hay wagon.

Nevertheless it was not long before the men students learned that the co-eds had organized a football team and were practicing. Then it leaked out that they were intending to challenge the men. Innumerable were the jokes perpetrated at the girls' expense, which luckily they did not hear. Miss Horton was working with some especial purpose in view, but since she kept her own counsel no one knew what it was. She urged the team to learn the game and charged a few of the strongest, especially some who were fleet runners, to prepare for some real work on the last Saturday in November.

There was considerable anxiety on the part of the men team to learn when and where the girls did their practicing. In order to prevent giving away these important matters the young ladies chose unexpected practice days and set out each and every one for the field in a different direction.

The university team and the woman's college team were in fine practice, there being about two weeks remaining before the end of November. Then a formal challenge passed, which was accepted by the university team captain with great formality, but with the belief that the affair was a joke. Soon after this it was noticed that a change had come over the women students. Up to this time there had appeared no disposition on their part to flirt, but now it was observed that several of the prettiest had abandoned their maidenly reserve and were showing a disposition to be wooed. But what was not especially noticed was that the attraction for them seemed to lie not in the honor men, but in the stalwarts of the football team.

The truth is that the joke attending the proposed game with the girls was overshadowed by a more serious matter. The annual game between Westmoreland and Pompton was to come off on Thanksgiving day. As to the game with the girls on the following Saturday, no one believed it would take place, or, if it did, it would be a sham game intended for a sort of social function. A couple of weeks before Thanksgiving Captain Ashton of the Westmoreland university team began to have trouble with his men. Several of those he most relied on became very lax in their training, and not a practice game was played but one or more men were absent. The captain stormed and threatened and vowed he would resign, but to no effect. The irregularities grew instead of decreasing until during the last week before the great game the condition of the team approached demoralization.

Ashton questioned the big fellows as to what was drawing them, but received no satisfaction. His best man, Tomkins, suddenly cast the captain into the depths of despair by accidentally shooting himself in the foot while cleaning his revolver and thus rendering himself unfit to take his part in the annual game. Wharton, another good man, was called home the day before Thanksgiving by a telegram announcing that he was wanted there immediately. He did not return till the beginning of the next week.

It was only two days before the game that an incident occurred which cast a faint light on what was the matter with the Westmoreland team. Skulpins, who was relied on to do the punting, while his team was out for practice was seen walking on a by-lane with Beatrice Wheaton, one of the prettiest girls in the woman's college. The fact was reported to Ashton, who began to "see through a millstone." But it was too late. His team was obliged to go into the game with Pompton shorn of several of its best men and with others whose non-attendance upon practice had unfitted them for their parts. It subsequently leaked out that no less than seven of them had the evening before been sumptuously entertained by young ladies of the woman's college. The result was that at the match game the score at the close stood: Pompton, 24; Westmoreland, 0.

This defeat of the Westmorelanders seemed to be especially gratifying to the co-eds. They were observed congratulating each other, and the defeat was celebrated by spreads given in several of the girls' rooms. Four men who had been attentive to four different girls left college on Thanksgiving night, and three out of the four never returned. It was rumored that they had made propositions of marriage and been rejected.

On Friday, the day after Thanksgiving, the captain of the woman's team wrote a note to the captain of the Westmorelands asking some question pertaining to the game to come off on the morrow. The messenger, returning, announced that the captain's room was locked and bolted. Messengers sent to other members of the team failed to find any one of them. Not a man Jack of them was left in town.

On Saturday evening a notice was posted on the college bulletin board, signed by the captain of the woman's team, claiming the game to have been played that afternoon, since the men's team had run away.

The girls' scheme of revenge was out, and to no one was it plainer in all its details than to Captain Ashton. The triumph of heart over muscle had been complete. Miss Horton's management had been eminently efficient. She had set the most intellectual girl after the prizes, placed the most muscular on her team, while for the breaking down of the athletes she had brought up her corps of beauty, before which their hearts collapsed like a burst football.

The class of 1916 was the last woman's class to be graduated at Westmoreland, and the men students swore a great oath that there should never be another.

LENGTHEN YOUR LIFE.

Add Fifteen Years to It by Simply Learning How to Live.

Fifteen years is the length of time one may add to his life by applying what is now known of personal hygiene. This statement was made by the Roosevelt conservation commission in its report on national vitality. The findings of the commission reversed the impressions of a generation ago that the average human lifetime was a fixed allotment decreed by fate. It teaches now that our doom is a variable thing and that it is more or less in our power to control.

Learning how to live is the secret of how one may add fifteen years to his life. Individual hygiene, or the hygiene of personal habits, according to the commission, contains possibilities of self improvement far beyond what ninety-nine persons out of a hundred have ever realized. In other words, only 1 per cent of people today know how to live. The other 99 per cent are victims of improper living habits and the customs of our boasted civilization. They have not learned to order their lives according to their physical needs. They are content to tolerate bad air, bad food, imperfect teeth, wrong posture, improper clothing, constipation, self drugging, alcoholism and other conditions of the average life.

The 99 per cent who have not learned how to live, says the commission, are responsible for the increase of 41 per cent in the country's death rate from wear and tear diseases in twenty years. Wear and tear diseases are said to be the byproduct of civilization, not that civilization is all wrong, but that people have not yet learned to adjust their habits of living to its demands.

STORY OF A REVIVAL HYMN.

The "Glory Song" Was Not Written For Financial Gain.

Nothing can be more inspiring than to hear a great congregation singing Charles H. Gabriel's revival hymn, known as the "Glory Song." It is one of the most recent of the hymns of its character, having made its appearance in 1900.

The author was born in the early fifties of the past century, in Iowa, and spent his earlier years on a farm in that state. His melodies are popular.

During the early summer of 1900, while bicycle riding with a Chicago publisher for whom he was at the time preparing manuscript, he said to him, "I've got a song that is going to live!" He then gave the title of and made brief quotation from "O that will be glory."

It will doubtless be of interest to state that its author received only $10 for the copyright and sole use of it, and this illustrates the fact that gospel songs are not always written for gain.

Charles M. Alexander, the singing evangelist of Torrey-Alexander fame, has made the "Glory Song" famous wherever the English language is spoken.

Alexander states that to his knowledge the "Glory Song" has been translated into at least fifteen languages and three Indian languages.—Detroit Free Press.

Thrived on Stone Diet.

The most curious of all diets is that of stones. In an old volume of the Gentleman's Magazine I read the other day of the discovery of the stone eater "in a northern inhabited island" by the crew of a Dutch ship. They brought him to France in May, 1760, where he was submitted to all kinds of artificial tests. It was proved that he throve better on stones than any other food, and his dinner usually consisted of large sized flints, with powdered marbles for dessert. He became a great attraction at fashionable gatherings, where he amused the guests by swallowing stones and afterward convincing them that there was no deception by making them rattle in his stomach. —Dundee Advertiser.

The Secret.

"You know that car I bought last month," began the purchaser.

"Yes. What of it?" asked the dealer. "Isn't it a good car?"

"I've seen worse ones, but it comes a long way from being what your agent represented it to be."

"Of course it does. Why, man alive, if our cars were as good as that we wouldn't need to employ agents to sell them."—New York World.

A Dismal Room.

An eccentric character died in London a few years ago at the age of ninety-one. Long before his death he ordered his own coffin and had it placed in his bedroom, which was hung, by way of pictures, with the funeral cards of his friends. This preparation seems to have had the effect of longevity on the old man, for in spite of his grewsome foresight he lived long beyond the usual span.

Excusable.

"Remember," said the floorwalker sternly, "the customer is always right."

"But, sir," expostulated the clerk, "in this case I was exercising a privilege to which I am entitled."

"What do you mean?"

"The lady I was arguing with is my wife."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

An Explanation.

"I wonder what the author meant who talked about silence that speaks."

"I guess he meant what you don't hear when deaf and dumb people talk."—Baltimore American.

Everything we endure patiently is a key to something beautiful we could never enter otherwise.

The Ranee's Crystal

Story of an Adventure In Bombay

By CLARISSA MACKIE

John Barclay, a young man prominent in New York society and still more prominent in diplomatic circles, had just completed a most delicate mission which had taken him first to London, where he had met many distinguished people in high life; then on to India, where his task was finished. Never having been in that part of the world before, he wandered around for some time making himself familiar with the sights and customs of the country.

For a week he had been in Bombay, fascinated by the odd streets, beautiful temples and palaces and the general mysticism of the life of a people so totally different from that experienced in any other part of the world. On the eve before his departure from the city John Barclay stood on Temple hill, and Bombay seemed very far away that breathless night as he looked toward the mystic towers of the city that lay a few miles distant.

Temple hill was in a suburb of India's great city, and John Barclay had spent a delightful day in examining the ruins of ancient temples and in wandering through the beautiful garden of a deserted palace.

Now the garden lay behind him, at the foot of Temple hill. Overhead the moon shone, a soft, luminous disk against the dense blue sky. The great stars beamed; not a cloud flecked the sky; not a zephyr stirred the hair on his temples.

From some distant garden came the sounds of music and merrymaking.

After awhile that died away, and there was no sound save the weird call of a night bird or the distant cry of a jungle prowler.

John Barclay was lost in dreamy abstraction when he felt a touch on his arm.

He started violently and drew away from the gaunt framed Hindu who had touched his sleeve.

"What do you want?" demanded Barclay sharply.

The man salaamed.

"Pardon, sahib," he said softly, "but the ranee requests your presence at once."

"The ranee? Let me see," mused Barclay. "The ranee is the woman ruler of a district or province. Sort of a lady rajah, eh?"

"Exactly!" put in the Hindu calmly.

"The dickens! So you understand English pretty plainly, my man! Well, what does her royal highness want of a poor American tourist?"

The Hindu salaamed again.

"She would speak with the sahib."

"Very well, lead the way," decided Barclay, ready for adventure. "I hear the ranee is young and lovely." He smiled to himself as he followed his guide down the hill and through the gate that led into the very garden in which he had spent the beautiful afternoon.

The guide walked silently and swiftly through the garden, and Barclay, thrilled with the mystery and romance attending his summons to the presence of the ranee, followed.

Heavy scents of roses, jasmine and lilies clung close to him as he walked A nightingale burst into rapturous song from some hidden covert.

The walls of the palace rose dark and forbidding. There was not one ray of light to be seen. Only the white turban of the Hindu served as a guide for the American to follow.

"Here, sahib," said the man, pausing suddenly before a low arched doorway. "Follow me."

A man of weaker nerve than Barclay might easily have quailed at the risk taken in following so blindly a guide on an unknown mission in a country like India. He well knew how mysteriously people disappeared in those big cities of India, never to be heard of again. Of course a sense of the danger flashed through his mind, but his nerve was good, and he rather enjoyed the thrill of excitement in the adventure. Added to this was his curiosity to see the inside of one of those wonderful palaces of India and to be in the presence, according to report, of one of the world's most beautiful women.

Barclay stepped close behind the other as the man's softly shod feet noiselessly trod a stone passageway and mounted a narrow flight of stone steps.

Up, up they went until at last they emerged upon the flat roof of the palace.

Here was all the warm luxury of eastern life—gay awnings, soft, silken rugs, cushioned divans, delicately shaded lights swinging to and fro, sweet meats and luscious fruits heaped on low tables and over all the sweet pervading fragrance of many flowers.

Under a silken awning a lovely woman reposed on a soft divan. Barclay caught a general impression of perfect features, dusky hair twined with flowers and jewels and the wonderful harmony of a silk robe that drifted away from her little slippered feet.

There were no attendants, no ladies in waiting. The beautiful ranee sat alone, her glorious dark eyes fixed expectantly on the approaching American.

Barclay salaamed, as he had seen the Hindu salute his noble mistress.

To his surprise the ranee spoke in English.

"Thank you for coming, stranger," she said in a rich, musical voice.

"I am at your highness' service," said Barclay clumsily.

"You know who I am?"

"The ranee of Obdurah. She is said to be the most beautiful as well as the wisest among the women rulers of India," was Barclay's quick response.

The ranee shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"And the most miserable, they might have added," she said bitterly.

"I am at your service," reminded John Barclay.

"Thank you."

The ranee took from her girdle a tiny box, a half inch square, of ivory. From this she extracted something pale and gleaming and held it toward him.

"What is this, stranger?" she asked.

John Barclay examined it. "A bit of polished rock crystal," he announced.

"Right," she murmured complacently. "Your errand for me is to take this to a very high official in London. You will be amply paid for the service. If I should die before you reach your destination you need go no farther. Turn about and go home and keep the crystal in memory of a most unhappy ruler." The ranee closed her eyes and shuddered.

"I trust your fears are groundless," said Barclay cheerfully.

"Perhaps—who knows?—you may bring me luck," muttered the woman. "Now, will you do this errand for me?"

"I will," said Barclay, without hesitation.

"Good! The reward for your accomplishment of this mission will be paid in London. If my death occurs before you reach that city turn about and go to your home and keep the crystal."

Things were beginning to sound pretty grewsome to Barclay by this time, and he began to wish he were well out of the palace. However, to all outward appearances he was still as calm and unnerved as if he were talking to an ordinary companion in his club in New York, and his answer was made in a perfectly cool, calm voice.

"Yes, your highness. And the mission I am to fulfill?"

"Simply deliver this to the high official. He will understand. It bears a message, a last appeal. Take it."

The ranee thrust the tiny box into Barclay's hand, and he turned to go.

"Hide it!" she hissed sharply, and his fingers tucked it into his waistcoat pocket and fumbled there, finally bringing forth a cigarette box and some matches.

The ranee shot a swift glance of approval at this maneuver on Barclay's part, for the roof was filling now with a gay company of guests and attendants.

"Farewell, stranger," smiled the ranee wearily.

"The name, highness—you forgot the name of the official in London," reminded Barclay in an undertone.

The ranee leaned forward and beckoned him nearer.

"Let me whisper," she murmured.

Barclay inclined his head to listen to a name that caused his eyes to flash excitement and incredulity.

"As your highness dictates," he said when she had finished.

Many curious eyes regarded the handsome face and well knit form of the American who had just received a confidence from a noble ranee of India.

John Barclay salaamed once more and turned to leave the roof. As he looked around for the Hindu guide who had conducted him from Temple Hill to the roof he heard sounds of confusion. There was a stifled shriek from the ranee's silken canopy, and even as Barclay gazed doubtfully in the direction of the commotion dark hands drew the silken curtains closely about the divan where the ranee had been sitting.

Then for a moment Barclay felt that his fears were to be realized and that he was caught in a most dangerous trap. The feeling passed in a moment, however, for Barclay was a man of iron nerve and, moreover, realized that he was too important an American citizen to make it safe for them to endanger his life. In an instant he was his cool, calm self.

He glanced around on the gayly dressed men and women who had entered but a few minutes previous and at the obsequious attendants. All stood mute and impassive as statues.

"What has happened?" asked Barclay of a sharp featured Brahmin.

"Our ranee is dead," said the man suavely.

"I must see. Let me pass. I am agent for the ranee."

Barclay stopped suddenly at the look in the man's face, a look of malignant hatred and bitter suspicion, a murderous look that brought the American's hand to his hip pocket.

"Let me pass! I must be convinced!" commanded Barclay, and his revolver cleared the way for him.

He dashed through the silken curtains of the ranee's canopy and stopped short at what he saw.

The form of the beautiful woman was stretched on the ground before her divan. Her dark eyes stared sightlessly upward, and from the pale silks of her bosom there shone the jeweled handle of a dagger.

Barclay stood with bared head for a moment, and then without interference from the silent gathering on the roof he found the narrow stairway that led to the deserted garden and so finally came to Temple Hill and the road to Bombay.

When he reached London he found that the high official to whom the ranee had directed him had been foully murdered at the very hour in which the ranee had met her death.

Now the ranee's crystal belonged to Barclay, and when he had it appraised he learned that it was a diamond of the purest water.

WHEN YOU HAVE FISH.

How to Test and Prepare It and How It Should Be Served.

All fish must, of course, be strictly fresh. If it is easily pulled from the bones it is a sure sign the fish is stale. The brightness of the eye is another test of freshness and one that cannot be remedied artificially. For this reason a purchaser should be suspicious of any fish from which the eyes have been removed or fish offered for sale without the head. The skin should be smooth and unwrinkled and the color fresh and clear. Dip in scalding water for a few seconds to remove the scales or skin.

Always soak salt fish in salt water instead of fresh water. The strong taste usually so difficult to destroy will be entirely removed and the fish will be more palatable than when soaked in fresh water.

Fish contain the same kind of nutrients as other food materials. When accompanied by bread and butter, potatoes, green vegetables and fruit, they provide a diet that will supply all the demands of the body. All sorts of fish may be boiled, steamed, baked, planked, fried, stuffed, scalloped, served in cream, made into ramekins, croquettes, salads, served hot or cold in jelly, potted and pickled. At a conventional dinner fish follows the soup and may be served with potatoes and cucumber or lettuce salad. At a home dinner it takes the place of meat. Do not serve a sweet or heavy dessert at the close of a fish dinner, as the combination is not good. Coffee may be served, but tea is to be avoided after fish.—Washington Star.

NOT A RIVAL OF THE SUN.

This Shows How Puny Is the World's Biggest Artificial Light.

Perhaps the biggest artificial light in the world is the 50,000,000 candle power light installed at the falls of Niagara. When this gigantic installation was made it was claimed to be the nearest approach to real sunshine ever devised by man, and that may be true. But it is interesting to ascertain, if possible, how much it fell short of the actual output of light by our great luminary, and, strangely enough, there are figures in existence which enable a comparison to be made. Yet it may be stated at once that these figures are so stupendous as to leave the human mind absolutely "in the dark."

Professor Young made a calculation some years ago, based upon careful and repeated experiments, of the total quantity of sunlight given out by our sun, and he found it to be a quantity represented by candles running to twenty-eight figures, candle power being the official unit.

How many lights equal to the Niagara installation would it require to match Dame Nature's big installation which appears above the horizon so regularly day by day? More big figures! It would require 31,500,000,000,000,000,000 lights just as powerful as the biggest man has accomplished "on his own." So even Uncle Sam will have to try again. The Niagara illumination is "some" light, but old Sol is equal to three and one-half quintillions of them!—Pearson's Weekly.

Watson and Ireland.

Sir William Watson has earned the right to be termed Ireland's poetical champion, although he was born in Yorkshire and is of Yorkshire ancestry on both sides. Home rulers say that there is no more terse description of the position of Erin than that contained in the famous lines of his "Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII.:"

* * * The lovely and the lonely bride
Whom we have wedded but have never won.

His first volume of poems was published at his father's expense. [illegible] years later not twenty copies had been sold. Six years after the publication of his second volume he had gained success. Today he is regarded as our greatest living poet.—London Standard.

An Historic Battle.

The great battle of Crecy was fought on Aug. 24, in 1344. It was here that Edward the Black Prince gained honor. The blind king of the Bohemians was slain and the ornaments on his sword were adopted as the coat of arms of the princes of Wales, the coat of arms being three ostrich feathers with the words "Ich Dien." It was at this battle also that cannon were used for the first time in history.

He Liked Candor.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—It has never been my lot to face a more empty headed, silly looking bunch of people, and I hope I will never be booked for this town again. It is not a pleasure to be here, and 99 per cent of you won't be able to understand what I am talking about. We shall now proceed with the lecture. My subject is, 'Truth—Candor—Know Thyself.'"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Some Men Are Brutes.

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Jenkins, "we're never sure of anything in this world."

"Yes we are," replied her husband. "Whenever you are quiet for half a minute I am sure that you'll say something soon or bust, and I've never missed it yet."—Boston Transcript.

Nor For Anything Else.

"That messenger boy could never make a political success."

"Why not?"

"Because he never could be induced to run for office."—Baltimore American.

The Leading River.

You may not have heard much of the Aa, but it is the world's leading river. You know in what kind of list.—New York Tribune.

HOOVER'S LATEST PLEA TO FARMERS: "HOGS, MORE HOGS AND STILL MORE HOGS"

Deficiency in Fats Now More Serious War Factor Than Bread Grain Situation—Tells Public Safety Men Pennsylvania Has the Best Organization in the Country.

To the assembled representatives of the county organizations of the Committee of Public Safety for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in session at Philadelphia, Herbert C. Hoover, Federal Food Administrator, gave his latest and most important message to the people and more particularly the farmers of the United States.

"Hogs, more hogs, and still more hogs," is the slogan of his new appeal.

Mr. Hoover's address came in the midst of a food supply conference, arranged by Howard Heinz, chairman of the Department of Food Supply. The attendance of Public Safety Committee chairmen, food supply representatives, and executive secretaries numbered about 250 and came from practically every county in the state.

Governor Brumbaugh, Lieutenant Governor McClain, Auditor General Snyder, George Wharton Pepper, E. T. Stotesbury, and many other men of prominence heard Mr. Hoover join in the assertion that in point of organization and accomplishments Pennsylvania's Safety Committee had proved to be the most efficient in the United States.

A striking analysis of the food situation was presented by Mr. Heinz, who, in his capacity as Federal Food Administrator for Pennsylvania, has a prominent part in the shaping of national food programs.

Mr. Heinz pictured the world meat supply as being short 115,000,000 meat animals, with a shortage of 7,000,000 meat animals in this country alone. The wheat situation is just as bad, he declared. Exemption, he said, may apply to the physical side of the military problem, but there is no exemption for the food forces. Every one must help in insuring supplies for our own armies abroad and for our allies in the trenches.

Conservation and production are the problems to which Mr. Hoover gave special emphasis. He said:

"Early in the month of June, when I was asked to undertake this particular task, I and the men whom I assembled around me at the moment made a short survey of the situation by way of organization throughout the United States. We came early to the state of Pennsylvania in our wanderings, and after making a short study of the organization of the state we determined that if we could annex the Committee of Public Safety to the Food Administration we would have another anxiety as to Pennsylvania and so that we had settled the question for ten per cent of the people of the United States.

"We were in no uncertain mind as to that because of the character of the organization and the way that it was completed. We were confident that it was sound, sane and would carry the mesage and carry out the work.

"Our first and most important problem is production. Production and conservation are both impelled by the same cause, by the same food shortage.

Europe's Diminishing Production.

"In addition to the maintenance of normal supply, we have the very disastrous condition of continuously diminishing production. It is impossible to take forty million men from productive labor and devote them to war without cutting into the vitals of production itself. That deficiency has been contributed to by stoppage of cereals and the diminution of animals, until on cereals alone this year's production falls below last year's by 1,000 million bushels. Therefore we have a load of over a billion and a half bushels of grain to preserve beyond consumption of our own.

"It is beyond our power to equal the combined capacity of the United States and Canada. The only way of meeting that situation is that after we have exported that grain that we can export we must reduce their consumption to that where the two ends meet.

"It is biologically possible to reduce consumption by forty per cent. On the other hand, soldiers in the trenches, men in the mines working over-time, and millions of women put to physical labor, require more food stuff than in times of peace. The net result is that all privation by the reduction of consumption operates upon the most helpless class in the community—that is the old and the women and the children.

Farmers Should Right-About-Face.

"The problem of animals is one that becomes a problem of practical charter to us this very day in the United States. Europe with a shortage of fodder and a shortage of imports has first cut her fodder imports rather than her bread grains. The result has been the ruthless killing of animals and out of that has arisen an annual reduction in their animals products. This is burning the candle at both ends.

"It means from the fat point of view that we must increase our fat imports into Europe. We may diminish our meat imports for the moment; but when the war is over we will have a call upon us or upon our farmers for enormously increased animal production.

"Europe has practically always produced her animal products. Compared to the total consumption she has imported a comparatively minor amount of fat products. But with diminished animals she will have less demand for fodder and therefore more particularly for the production of bread grains.

"The people will of necessity turn their agriculture from the production of fodder to the production of bread, and we, in the meantime, must be prepared to take a like turn; in other words, we have exported in the main bread grain, whereas the demand upon us after the war will be for animal products.

"Therefore, we must turn the face of our agriculture—we must turn the face of our farmer from the production of bread grains to the production of animals. This becomes not only a problem of the future for the nation, but it also becomes an immediate problem, and our immediate problem is acute.

"During the last year we have slaughtered in hogs alone a large percentage of the hog population. In other words, whereas we annually slaughter something like 60 per cent of our total hog inhabitants, this year we have slaughtered over 100 per cent. If we take the three pre-war years as 100, we can see that during the last twelve months we have slaughtered 179 hogs, we have exported 215.

"This means but one thing. It means that as we have increased our exports of animal products, largely pork products, from 500,000,000 pounds pre-war average to a 1,500,000,000 pounds in the last twelve months, that we have over-exported the capacity of this country.

"Today about 60 per cent of the normal arrival of hogs is reaching the markets in this country, and we are faced with a shortage in fats, and we are faced with that shortage at the very moment when we must be increasing our exports to our allies.

"We are facing a large feed crop this year—a crop, in fact, as we calculate it, twenty-five per cent greater than the animals we have to eat it. We will, therefore, have a fairly low range of prices for food stuff, and we will with this situation, have a high range of prices in animals. Therefore, it must be in the immediate interest of the farmers of this country to raise hogs, more hogs, and still more hogs.

More Hogs Needed For Years Ahead.

"And it is not only an immediate interest, but it is an interest that will last, not only for the period of the war, but for many years to come, and the greatest help we can obtain from our farming population today, is to get a quick response in animal products.

"I have believed that if we could go through the state of Pennsylvania, tell the farmers of the state that this country should raise three more hogs as against one of last year, that is three to one—if they will do that sort of work, it will be serving the country and be a benefit.

"The difference between democracy and autocracy is a question of whether people can be organized from the bottom or from the top down. If, in our defense, it becomes necessary to organize from the top down I trust we will do so. But the moment we have done this, we will have undermined the individual, and our own people are reduced to an autocracy. It is, therefore, worth our while to make the effort to carry this thing through on a volunteer basis."

ALLIES CANNOT WIN WITHOUT OUR AID

God-Given Opportunity For Service Here, George Wharton Pepper Tells Safety Committee Men.

Addressing the county representatives at the opening of the Public Safety conference in Philadelphia George Wharton Pepper, chairman of the state committee, made a stirring appeal for efficient effort in every district. Mr. Pepper said:

"The efficiency of the work that we are going to do for the cause of Public Safety in this commonwealth is going to depend almost entirely upon the appraisement which we as individuals make of the seriousness of the situation in which our country finds itself at the present time.

"If a man believes that this war will be over in ninety days, if he believes that it is going to end without serious inconvenience on our part; or, if not that, that at least at the first approach of our advance guard the kaiser is going to state his readiness to come down; if that is the state of mind of a man, I am quite sure that to him the Committee of Public Safety is a quite unnecessary organization; he is not going to spend much time or much energy in its service.

"On the other hand, if a man has, as I have, a living and burning conviction that we are in for a long and bloody fight, and that upon the issue of that conflict depends the very existence of the idea of democracy in government among men—if that is the man's conviction, then he will look upon the work of this Committee of Public Safety as a God-given opportunity to express the patriotism that is welling inside of him.

"It seems superabundantly clear that the allies cannot win this war except at the price of the life-blood of our mothers and daughters. We must keep on because without our aid the allies cannot win the war, and unless this war is won by the allies the things that we stand for cannot survive or prevail.

"There are many of us, I know, who wish to God that we could exchange chairmanships and secretaryships for the more active service on the line; but if we can't, if they won't have us on any terms, at least let us constitute ourselves an effective support to those that do go to the front, and be the guardians and custodians of the homes that will be waiting for them when they come back.

"I speak with a degree of intensity which only faintly indicates the way I feel about the matter. My convictions about it are so deep and so burning, and I seem to see the situation so clearly, that I tremble when I find so many of my fellow-citizens, even in this commonwealth, who do not seem to be aware of the predicament in which the world finds itself, and who are unwilling to make even slight sacrifices to the end that American ideals in the end may be supreme.

"If we, my friends, of the Committee of Public Safety of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania and its affiliated organizations through the state—if we do not busy ourselves with the effective organization of this commonwealth so that we may adequately support the lads that go, and preserve the homes for those of them that will come back, then we do not deserve to be called Americans and we are not fit to be the representative of the Keystone state."

THE STORAGE BATTERY.

It Is a Willing Servant, but Is Delicate and Requires Care.

If you place a fine, twenty-one jewel watch in a tin case you will not expect it to receive very respectful treatment at the hands of any one who does not know the value of the movement that the case contains.

Probably the psychological effect of the rough appearing storage battery box is somewhat the same upon the average motorist. Could he realize the delicacy of the parts inside and the care and time required in their manufacture and assembly he would be more inclined to treat his storage battery as he would his full jeweled watch inclosed in its eighteen carat gold case.

When we consider that this box, occupying scarcely more than a half of a cubic foot of space, furnishes the current that takes the place of back breaking crank turning, that lights the headlights, ignites the spark and operates the horn, we will be impressed with the fact that it is indeed the very essence of concentrated power.

But this power cannot be delivered unless it is properly stored. In other words, the storage battery is not a power producer, but rather a power reservoir. This reservoir is filled at a certain moderate rate by means of the generator, which should operate whenever the engine of the car is in motion. If we look upon the generator as supplying a small, steady stream of current to the reservoir and consider that the starter represents a drain on this reservoir comparable to that prevailing when the stopper is removed from the waste pipe of a wash bowl we will understand the reason for the statement of the battery manufacturer to the effect that the current demanded for one minute's operation of the starter requires at least twenty minutes' normal running of the car for full replacement. This fact will also possibly serve to explain why adjustments of the carburetor and spark plug making for easy starting of the engine add to the life of a battery through the elimination of undue strain caused by the starter.

The storage battery is a willing servant and will deliver as much or as little current as is required. It will give up its last ounce of strength in a vain effort to crank and start a stiff and balky engine until there is scarcely power enough remaining to furnish the tiny current necessary for the formation of the spark of ignition.—H. W. Slauson in Leslie's.

Man Eating Sharks.

All of the trained and experienced observers with me agreed in saying that near our coast line there was but little danger from sharks for a man swimming. Accidents do occur, but they are wholly exceptional—unlike what is true in the Indian ocean and around Australia. The white shark is undoubtedly a man eater, and Coles, who is probably more competent to pass judgment on the question than any other man in the United States, believes that the four bathers killed and partly eaten off the New Jersey coast in the summer of 1916 were all victims of one rather small straggler of this formidable species. When this straggler was captured it was found that there were human bones and flesh in it, and with its capture all attacks on swimmers ceased.—Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's.

The Flag at Trenton.

The flag "that Washington had with him when he crossed the Delaware to attack Trenton" was not the Stars and Stripes. Washington crossed the Delaware in December, 1776, and the Stars and Stripes did not have an existence until the June of 1777, when it was voted into being by the congress. The flag that waved over General Washington on his way to and from Trenton consisted of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, as at present, with a blue canton emblazoned with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, as in the British flag. The first time the present Stars and Stripes were flung to the breeze was on the day of the battle of Oriskany at Fort Stanwix, Aug. 6, 1777.—Exchange.

The Origin of "Usher."

Speaking of ushers, I learned an interesting thing from an English manager. He told me that in the old days the theater men used to sit around tables and drink during a performance, and if they became boisterous or annoying the manager sent waiters down to hush them up. These men were officially known as hushers, but as a cockney cannot say his h's—where they belong—they became known as 'ushers!—Rob Wagner in Saturday Evening Post.

Camouflage Not New.

The art of camouflage is nothing new to the American Indian, as the Christian Science Monitor points out. Ages ago, comparatively speaking, before he had heard anything about firearms, he was accustomed to steal unobserved on a herd of buffaloes by the simple device of decking himself out with a buffalo skin and horns. If that wasn't a resort to camouflage, what was it?

Spartan Training.

"Why is it that all the old lawyers are prosperous?"

"Well, a lawyer has to learn to live on nothing for the first three or four years. Naturally, when the money does begin to come in, it is all profit."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Practical One.

"Have you any theories as to self help?"

"Certainly. Mine is to help yourself to anything in sight you can."—Baltimore American.

Beware of bad beginnings. He who does not take the first wrong step will never take the second.

CHAMOIS SKIN IS RARE.

What Often Passes For It Is Really the Hide of Sheep.

The article known as chamois comes under the head of articles known by names that do not in every way describe them. A large New York firm, rather than have its patrons think they were getting one thing when in reality they were getting another, lately devoted a good deal of advertising space in daily papers to an explanation of the trade term and its difference from that of the genuine article.

The chamois, runs the explanation, is a goatlike type of antelope with small horns inhabiting the Pyrenees, Alps, Carpathians and the mountains of western Asia.

There was a time chamois hide was used to make "shammy" skins, but the chamois goat or antelope is practically extinct. Now all the chamois skins are sheepskins. When the skin is split so as to make two skins the flesh side is used to make "chamois."

All washable chamois skins are untanned sheepskins. In this connection it might be well to remark that doeskin gloves are not made of doeskins, for the American antelope, whose hide was doeskin, is as rare as the dodo or the buffalo.

The making of the so called chamois skins is a rather interesting operation. Along the shore of Long Island and beyond Islip you are apt to be assailed, if the wind is from the south, by an odor which reminds you of chamois.

It is not the odor of the skin, however, but the pungent smell from a fish oil factory where tons of menhaden are boiled for the oil the fish contains. All sheepskins used in the making of chamois leather, so called, are treated with nothing but this fish oil. The skins are immersed in vats of the oil and are permitted to remain there for a month or more. Then they are wrung out and hung up to dry, turning meanwhile a yellow color.

If a white or cream shade is desired the skins are bleached in the sun.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

THE CAMERA AS A DETECTIVE.

Its Keen Eye Sees Things the Microscope Cannot Discover.

The camera has been frequently instrumental in the detection of criminals. In cases of forgery photography is invaluable, for there is no forger in the world clever enough to baffle its detective skill.

An interesting proof of this was provided a few years ago in the case of a forged will. An enlarged photograph revealed the penciled lines over which the names of the testator and witnesses had been written, although no trace of them was visible through the microscope. This is one of the peculiarities of the camera, that it brings to light marks which are invisible through a microscope, just as it has been known to reveal the signs of measles and smallpox several days before they became visible to the naked eye.

When a forged signature is suspected the method adopted is to take photographs of the genuine and supposed false signatures, magnify each a hundredfold or more and compare the results. Under this careful test the slightest discrepancy becomes exaggerated out of close resemblance to the signature, and every sign of hesitancy—for few forgers can write a counterfeit signature with perfect ease and fluency—stands revealed.

A forged banknote, however minutely and faithfully the original may have been copied, cannot deceive the eye of the camera, which will show not only the slightest deviation from the genuine note, but also any difference in the texture of the paper used. In a recent case, where a section of a check had been removed and another piece in the form of pulp substituted with infinite skill, the camera revealed the fraud at once, showing exactly where the new and old papers were joined.

Broken In Transit.

Little Gwennie felt it her duty to entertain a man who had been called in to do some carpenter work and began by asking if he had a papa and mamma. He said yes. Then she asked if he had any brothers or any sisters. He replied by saying he had three half brothers and three half sisters. After looking at him for a moment intently she said:

"Are you the only whole one there was?"

Our Immigrants.

The immigrants who have been landed at Ellis island have been of a higher type than those of an earlier time. Of course there has been a wonderful change in their dress. When I first went into the work it was like going to the opera, the native costumes we used to see whenever a shipload of immigrants landed. Now there are very few national costumes to be seen.—Christian Herald.

Republics and Gratitude.

"Do you regard republics as ungrateful?"

"Such historical reading as I have done," replied Senator Sorghum, "does not lead me to think so. Sometimes they are only naturally resentful of being persistently flimflammed."—Washington Star.

Bully Solution.

Professor—Pat, what is your solution to the world problem? Pat—Well, sor, I think we should have a world democracy—with an Irishman for king.—Life.

The Repeat.

"Is it difficult to borrow money?"

"Not the first time. The second touch is what calls for great skill."—Detroit Free Press.

Fatal and Thyness.

In his book, "A Soldier's Memories," Sir George Younghusband tells a typical story of Rudyard Kipling and Cecil Rhodes.

It was during the Boer war, when they came to camp and introduced themselves unconventionally. As they were leaving the soldiers gathered to see and cheer them.

Said Cecil Rhodes hastily:

"Take off your cap; they are cheering you."

Said Rudyard Kipling:

"No, they are not. They are cheering you. Take off your cap."

Then some one at their elbow suggested:

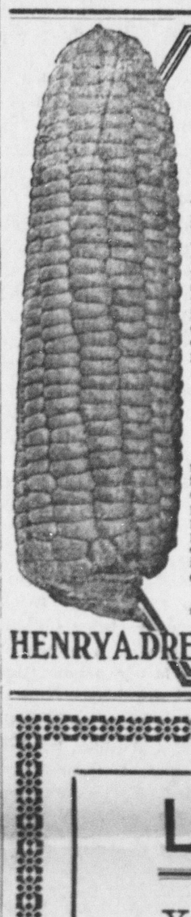
"I think they are cheering you both."

Whereupon both, clinging close together for support, shyly took off their caps.

Quite Lively.

City Boy—But is it not a bit lonesome here? Country Boy—Oh, not at all. Why, only yesterday I was almost run over by an automobile with six people in it!—Life.

The man who does you a wrong has need of pity.



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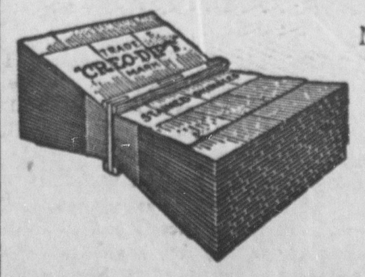

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Here and There.

For Kodak films go to Green's.

Mrs. Robert Cole returned Saturday afternoon from a business trip to Williamsport.

W. T. Kelley, of Bellefonte, P. R. R., freight agent, transacted business in Altoona Friday.

Mrs. Isaiah Coplin, aged 84 years 11 months and 23 days, died in Philipsburg Friday from paralysis.

Buy a Special Trip Ticket—6 trips for $1.00. Good only in Bellefonte. White Line Taxi Co. Call Bush House, either phone. Look for the White Line.

John P. Eckel will open his new meat market on High Street Saturday morning, October 13th. He will sell at reduced prices for cash only, and no deliveries.

Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell has been conducting classes in surgical dressings for the American Red Cross since the first of August. She is now giving instructions to a class at Putnam.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated in the Bellefonte St. John's Reformed church next Sunday morning at 10.30 and in the evening at 7.30. Preparatory service Friday evening at 7.30.

Mrs. John Hinman Gibson, who had been visiting the past three weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook, departed today for Chicago, where she and Mr. Gibson will reside in the future.

Mr. Nelson Robb, secretary of the Farmers Trust Company, at State College, has received notice that he has been chosen as a petit juror for the United States District Court, which convenes at Scranton on October 19th.

"Johnny" Noll and Frank Kern, the Bellefonte laundrymen, agree that the best way to mark linen is to leave the baby and a piece of blackberry pie alone at the table for three minutes. That's where they get it on the other fellow.

C. T. Fryberger, of Philipsburg, was a visitor in Bellefonte Friday Years ago he was in the grocery business here in the room in the old Humes block on the site of the present Crider's Exchange. It was at a time when Bellefonte had a special boom.

Dr. McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, has announced that there will be a special meeting in the chapel Friday evening prepatory to the observance of Holy Communion next Sabbath morning. Both these services should be largely attended.

It was "Bill" Walker instead of "Bill" Waddle who purchased the large clock from "Duke" Wion who recently closed out his harness business. Walker has just purchased a supply of oysters and crabs and will use the clock to mark the quickness of time in which he gets them to his customers.

Marshall Cook, son of Charles F. Cook, of Bellefonte, received orders from the war department at Washington, to report at camp at Wrightstown, N. J., on Thursday and Wednesday evening left for that place. He is a member of the signal corps and after a certain amount of training he will probably be sent to France.

W. L. Daggett, proprietor of the Bush House, Bellefonte, has placed in the wash room of the hotel a white enameled combination towel holder and waste paper receptacle. While it is a very pretty household article yet it would be a good idea to place a sign over the top for the benefit of those who might not know its intended use.

Saturday afternoon a large number of football enthusiasts of Bellefonte went to State College to witness the game between State and Gettysburg. There was simply nothing to it as the State boys went through their opponent's line like water through a sieve. The score was 80—0. Should State keep that kind of playing up through the season they would make a wonderful record.

Talk about a "bee in a tar barrel." It wasn't in it for one minute with Louis Daggett in the Bush House dining room Saturday evening when he had to find places for a crowd of twenty-four persons from Harrisburg and twenty-eight from Lewistown. Among the latter were twenty-four business men who had just run over the mountain for a little outing and four ladies who attended the Red Cross meeting held in the High School building.

Everybody who knows Josiah Zeigler, janitor at the Court House, will volunteer the testimony that he is one of the most genial, gentle, courteous gentlemen in the world. On Monday Josiah decided to pay a brief visit to his home of thirty-five years ago nearby Clintondale. He walked down the lane leading from the public road to the old farm house and had gone but a short distance when a man who had been at work in a field hurriedly joined him and at once began to make inquiries as to his identity. Josiah had no trouble in explaining, and then to his amazement and amusement he was informed that at first he had been suspected of being a German spy. Just what a German spy might find worthy of attention in that locality Josiah could not figure out, and he enjoyed the joke immensely. When the farmer learned that Josiah was not there in the interest of the Kaiser an invitation to dinner was extended. Josiah had an enjoyable trip and found few changes in the old homestead.

"Send Lim a photograph"—Mallory Studio.

Try the delicious chocolates—full pounds 39c, at Green's.

White Line Taxi Service to all parts of the city. Call Bush House either phone. Look for the White Line.

Miss Mary Cook, with her neice, Miss Grace Cook, left Tuesday morning for Williamsport where they spent the day.

Mrs. Jonas Wagner accompanied by her youngest son, Ralph, left Bellefonte Wednesday afternoon to visit relatives and friends at Warren, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richard left Bellefonte Monday for Philadelphia to visit friends and relatives. They expect to return today (Thursday).

Walter Gherrity, son of Postmaster P. H. Gherrity, who is now located at League Island, has been home on a short furlough. He is looking fine.

Dr. Weston, secretary of the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A., will tell you that the fellow who takes a cold bath in the morning may find himself in hot water before night.

Misses Ruth Garman, Esther Undercofler and Spencer Garman left Bellefonte Friday to spend several days at "Edgefonte", Garman's summer home at Axe Mann.

Rev. Marshal C. Piper, of Milesburg, preached morning and evening Sunday in the First M. E. church in Tyrone. The pastor preached in Shamokin in connection with the services incident to the anniversary of dedication.

W. Harrison Walker, Walter McCullough, Arthur Sloop and W. O. Bennett left Bellefonte Friday afternoon in an automobile for Clearfield where in the evening they attended a meeting of the Masonic Lodge. They returned home the same night.

Friday morning the train from Tyrone was delayed one hour and forty-five minutes on account of a freight wreck between Milesburg and Snow Shoe Intersection. Three empty cars jumped the track and fortunately nobody was injured.

The Hollidaysburg correspondent to the Altoona Tribune Monday said that Ex-Sheriff William Hurley, of Bellefonte, was a Blair county visitor on Saturday. Sheriff Hurley is a native of Roaring Spring, his father at one time having conducted a hotel there.

Harry Barnes, of Pittsburg, arrived in Bellefonte Sunday and his brother Charles of Keosauqua, Iowa, reached here Monday morning. They were called here on account of the serious illness of their mother, Mrs. Howard Barnes. However, on their arrival they found the patient somewhat improved.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Food Conservation Train will be at Bellefonte October 15, 1917, in charge of Mr. J. S. Foster, employe of Committee of Public Safety of Pennsylvania, and will be open to the public from 10 a. m. until noon and from 2 p. m. until 5 p. m. The car will be at the P. R. R. passenger station.

Mrs Herman Miller, of Bellefonte, and her daughter, Mrs. Lawrence McClure, of Renovo, left Friday afternoon for Huntingdon where they remained over night with friends and Saturday morning proceeded to Bedford county. At the end of two weeks Mrs. McClure will return home and Mr. Miller will join his wife who will continue her visit in Bedford county.

Edward James, who for the last five years had been fireman on the P. R. R. shifter in the Bellefonte yard, has gone to Johnstown where he has secured a position as an engineer on an engine in the yards of the Cambria Steel Co. He is a model young man and will be missed here by a number of friends who wish for his success in his new field of labor. He still has a strong attachment for Bellefonte and thus he will not entirely forsake it.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Services beginning Oct. 14: Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist, 10 a. m. Church School and Men's Bible Class. 11 a. m. Mattins, and sermon, "What The Nation Has Chosen". 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and address, "The 73rd Psalm". Thursday, St. Luke, Evangelist and Martyr, Holy Eucharist, 10 a. m. Friday, Litany and instruction, 7.30 p. m. Visitors always welcome. Rev. M. DeP Maynard, rector.

Captain W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, is attending the reunion of the famous 45th Penn. Volunteer Regiment, of which he was a member, and is now vice president of the association. There will be a two days session and camp fire in the Court House this evening at which a number of comrades will toss a log on the blaze and keep things moving. Hon. Emerson Collins, of Williamsport, is one of the principal speakers. Of the 2000 members in service it is expected that but 35 will be in attendance at Williamsport.

Just when Recorder William H. Brown thought that he was reasonably sure of receiving an officer's commission in the regular army he was advised by the surgeons at the Fort Niagara training camp that he had been rejected owing to high blood pressure. He had completed six weeks training and in another six weeks would have finished up. He was taken ill and confined in the hospital, but soon recovered. On returning to duty he was notified that physical impairment precluded his receiving a commission and accordingly he arrived home last Saturday.

Enclosed Cars, prompt service. Day or night. Give us a Trial. White Line Taxi Co. Look for the White Line.

Leathers Brothers have purchased the McKinney farm at Port Matilda and are laying it out in lots which are being offered for sale.

James H. Kelley, Esq., of Clearfield who is quite well known to some of the legal fraternities in Bellefonte, died Saturday after a long illness. His age was 65 years and 2 days.

Mrs. Charles McHugh, of Aspenwall, Pa., was in Bellefonte Saturday attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Frank K. Lukenbach. She left for her home Tuesday. While here she was the guest of her sister, Miss Emma Montgomery.

The Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. Star Course starts Wednesday evening, Oct. 26th, with a big attraction. The Course this year is far superior to anything of the kind in past years. One dollar will get you in on the ground floor for the season.

W. A. Moore, of North Tonawanda, N. Y., arrived in Bellefonte Tuesday morning. It will be recalled that for a couple of years he was located in Bellefonte as superintendent of the local iron furnaces which at that time were on the boom.

Saturday Mrs. Chauncy F. York, of Detroit, Mich., arrived in Bellefonte and remained until Tuesday morning as the guest of her father, Col Emanuel Noll on east Allegheny street. She had been at Highland, N. Y., where she was placing her son, Carlton, in a school.

After spending the summer in Bellefonte James Derr, Jr., left Tuesday afternoon for Austin, Texas, where he will take up his work as an instructor in an institution for the blind. He is ably fitted for the work and has gained quite a reputation as a teacher among that class of people.

Officer Harry Dukeman, of Bellefonte, autoed to Lewistown Monday and arrested W. H. Fuller on the charge of non-support preferred by his wife. Mr. Fuller was brought here and lodged in jail. He is a cripple gentleman who had been employed as a saddler in James Schofield's harness store.

Miss Fannie Hutchinson left Bellefonte Saturday for Kane, Warren and Erie to visit friends. Tuesday her mother, Mrs Margaret Hutchinson, went to State College to visit her sister, Mrs. John McCormick and Harry Hutchinson has been picking his teeth at the Bush House, in their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Mann and Mr. and Mrs. Harris Mann, of Lewisburg, motored to Bellefonte Sunday with the expectation of calling on their friends, but some of them were out of town. It was certainly a disappointment to both parties but they must try it sometime again and send word ahead. Mr. and Mrs. Harris Mann were former residents of the town.

Wednesday evening of next week at 8.30 quite a society wedding will take place in the Presbyterian church at State College. The contracting parties will be John S. Crandell, of New York City, and Miss Kathryn Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Foster. The groom was formerly an instructor in the engineering department at State College but is now with the Barrett Manufacturing Co., New York City.

Ives M. Harvey, of Bellefonte, who is looking after the Sunday Schools of Centre county, and who is interested in the manufacturing of brick at Orviston, left Monday afternoon, with thirty-five delegates throughout Centre county, for Pittsburgh to attend the State Sabbath School convention. Sunday morning Mr. Harvey made an address at the rally day service in the Presbyterian chapel to arouse interest in the work.

William Krape, of Aaronsburg, suffered a stroke of paralysis recently which affected his head and legs so that he was unable to walk. He passed through Bellefonte Wednesday morning on an iron bed on his way to the Soldiers' Home in Dayton, Ohio. He was in charge of his brother, Charles Krape, of Spring Mills. He will be put in the department for disabled volunteers. Mr. Krape is quite well known in Bellefonte and his friends wish for his speedy recovery.

In a recent letter from Gordon Montgomery to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Montgomery, of Bellefonte he says he is located at Wood's Hole, Mass., and is a member of the crew on the United States submarine chaser "Joy". They patrol the beach for thirty miles out. One night the boat became stranded on rocks and were taken to a place of safety by a crew from the lighthouse. This is the time of the year when trips like that are dangerous. Gordon has been holding a number of positions since his entrance into the navy.

William Sager, clerk in the office of the Pennsylvania Match factory, received a letter recently from his brother, Harry E. Sager, a member of Troop L, of Bellefonte, who is in camp at Augusta, Ga. He says that the boys work hard while they are at it, but they have lots of fun and recreation. It has rained hard several times until some of the tents had three or four inches of water in them. In his tent he went to step from one board to another when he missed it and fell in a pool of water which gave him an unexpected bath. Eight horses were taken from Troop L to help complete a troop from Danville.

"Send him a photograph"—Mallory Studio.

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Just Call Bush House. Car at your door. 25c to all parts of the city. Special trip ticket, six trips $1 00. White Line Taxi Co. Look for the White Line.

The semi annual rummage sale for the benefit of the Bellefonte hospital, will be held in the room formerly occupied by Doll's bakery, in Bush Arcade, Saturday Oct. 13th. Any thing that can be converted into money will be acceptable. The room will be open for contributions Thursday and Friday.

Don't forget to go to the Court House Friday evening and hear a lecture by Virgil O. Strickler, of New York City. He is a noted Christian Scientist and everybody will be cordially welcomed. As stated last week Mr. Strickler is a member of the board of lectureship of the mother church, the First Church of Christ Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

Sunday five gentlemen from Orviston, Centre County, were passing through Milesburg in a Ford car. When in the diamond the car turned turtle and threw the occupants out. They were all bruised up a little and badly scared. None of them being seriously injured they regained their equilibrium and turned the car up on its wheels and returned home.

Charles Emerson Simpson, son of Mrs. M. A. Simpson, of Williamsport, and a recent graduate of State College, who had a number of friends in Bellefonte, died within the last few days in an American hospital in France from cerebro-spinal meningitis. He was a member of Co. A. United States engineers, and received his training at State College.

Edward Haupt left Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon for Hughesville where he and his wife are attending the fair and selling trinkets. They have been following up the fairs in this and New York state and are raking in the "Ducats." He says that business has been 100 percent better for him than it was last year. Next thing John D., and Charley M. will be borrowing money from him.

Milon Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Miles Walker, arrived in Bellefonte Sunday morning on a leave of absence until Monday evening. He is a storekeeper for Uncle Sam at League Island, near Philadelphia, and is getting along nicely. He has a desk in one of the large army buildings and is kept busy from 8.30 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the afternoon. The balance of the day he has to himself. However, he does not know what a day may bring forth, as he may be called almost any time to board a ship and sail for France. Robert Walker, who is with, expects to be home next Sunday on the same kind of a furlough.

"Send him a photograph"—Mallory Studio.

Mrs. James A. Beaver left Wednesday to visit friends at Mifflin.

Mrs. James Saylor and two children left today (Thursday) for Tyrone where they will visit Mr. Saylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Saylor.

Misses Kate Shugert and Anna McCoy left Bellefonte Monday afternoon for Allentown to attend the annual state convention of the D. A. R.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rees, of Erie, who had been visiting in Bellefonte at the homes of W. E. Hurley and G. W. Reese left for their home Monday afternoon.

Dr. M. A. Kirk returned to Bellefonte the other day from Clearfield county after visiting some of the old haunts of his boyhood days. It was the kind of a trip the doctor would thoroughly enjoy.

John Bullock, of Montgomery & Co's. gents furnishing store, left Bellefonte Monday afternoon for New York City where he selected the assortment of winter clothing and other articles for the store.

Wednesday evening, October 31st, 1917, the ladies of Clarence will hold a dance at Clarence Society Hall. It is for a good cause and should be well patronized by the people of that community. The price of admission will be 75 cents. Let every man out there go and take a lady. It is for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Miss Sarah Benner, Miss Lydia Morris, Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds, Mrs. Harry Valentine and Mrs. James Lane with Rev. Maynard, of Bellefonte, were among the members of the Episcopal church who attended the Women's Auxillary of the Harrisburg diocese of the Episcopal church which convened in Altoona this week.

Mrs. Jane Tate, better known to her host of friends as "Aunt Jane" who makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Hiram Fetterhoff, on Bishop Street Bellefonte, celebrated her 90th birthday on Tuesday. She still retains her faculties and laughs and jokes with her friends. She possesses a retentive memory and fluently speaks of the past events. Only ten more years and she would round out her hundred years, and it is to be hoped her life may be spared to that time.

Union County Fair.

C. Dale Wolfe, secretary, and William P. Mauser, president of the Union County Agricultural Society, informed the Republican that the annual fair which this year will be held October 16, 17, 18 and 19 will be the best exhibition at Lewisburg in recent years.

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